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Too Late for the Grapeshot

So at last de Gaulle is reaping the whirlwind. A decade ago, M. Mendès-France coined a memorable phrase: *Gouverner, c'est choisir* – the essence of government is the making of choices, and, most important, making them in time. The primary function of a government is to arbitrate between conflicting interests. Sometimes these can be reconciled. But often, and particularly in colonial problems, the opposing interests are so deeply entrenched, and so incompatible, that a solution can only be obtained at the expense of one of them. To delay merely aggravates the problem. In every such case, it is the duty of government to choose a rational policy and then enforce it with the minimum of violence. By recognising this principle, Attlee saved Britain from a disastrous colonial war in India. By failing to recognise it, Bevin failed in Palestine.

General de Gaulle – like so many of the politicians he despised – has also failed to heed the wisdom of Mendès-France. Returned to power on a wave of popular disgust with the timidity and helplessness of the Fourth Republic, endorsed by a massive popular mandate, he was invested with the maximum authority which any statesman can enjoy in a democracy. It was France's will that he should solve the Algerian problem and he was given the means to do it. Yet for a full year he hesitated. Anxious to effect a solution in Algeria which would be acceptable to all – European and Arab alike – believing that he possessed the moral, as opposed to the physical, authority to accomplish it, he failed to exercise authority when force might have been avoided. A rational and logical man, he recognised from the start that Algeria must eventually decide its own destiny, and that this must inevitably reside in the will of the Arab majority. But he waited a year before announcing the principle of self-determination, and even then he hesitated to enforce it. Meanwhile, his authority, above all in the Army, was draining away, and the opposition was arming. When at last he was forced to act, it was too late. The will to use the whiff of grapeshot was there; but the grapeshot itself was unavailable. So the world is treated to the spectacle of the man who defied Eisenhower and Krushchev being held up to ransom by an Algiers café-proprietor.

Can Britain learn any lessons from the tragic plight of France? We have so far managed to avoid colonial calamity on the French scale. But this is primarily because we have not yet had to propose a final solution for those areas which contain large white settler populations and where therefore the conflict of interest is most acute. But at last, in Kenya and Central Africa, the time for decision is coming. There is no doubt that in Whitehall (as once in Paris) reason prevails: it is publicly recognised that these African territories must evolve into multi-racial societies. But to impose the calm reason of Whitehall on the race-twisted emotions of Africa is quite another matter. In Kenya, where the white population is comparatively small and entirely dependent on British protection, it is likely that reason will prevail. But further south?

Mr Macmillan must beware of the fallacy which has engulfed de Gaulle. Like de Gaulle, he has a high opinion of his own talents as a manager of men. He publicly claims – and perhaps half believes – that he has brought the class war in Britain to a peaceful close. Does he also believe that, by a similar miracle of personality and adroitness, he can end the race war in Africa? His verbal ambivalence in Salisbury – so uneasily reminiscent of de Gaulle's cryptic pronouncements – seems to suggest it. If so, he is in for a rude awakening. Indeed, the cold hostility of the whites in Southern Rhodesia and the frenzied anger of the Africans in Blantyre should already have made it plain to him that here is a violent clash of interests, which cannot be bridged by diplomacy, however skilful, and which can be resolved only by the determined exercise of authority. Mr Macmillan still possesses this authority. Has he the will, unlike de Gaulle, to exert it while there is time?

Comments on the Week's News

Krushchev Saves Ike's Bacon

The announcement of the new Soviet defence policy has undoubtedly come to President Eisenhower's aid in his struggles to hold or reduce military spending on what may loosely be termed non-ballistic weapons. The decision to abandon work on the Mach 3 B-70 manned bomber has come in for bitter criticism, and at this very moment, General Maxwell Taylor, the ex-Chief of Staff of the US Army, has published a book, *The Uncertain Trumpet*, which contains fundamental criticism of Administration Defence policy. In particular, he includes an article, written for *Foreign Affairs*, which was rejected on the advice of the State Department. Its thesis was that US reliance on nuclear weapons was not only excessive, but dangerous, for in practice these weapons would not be used; it therefore behoved the US to create sufficient conventional forces to resist aggression, without relying on the myth of the Great Deterrent. The point is familiar; what makes the book sensational is that the detailed objections of the State Department are also published in full. The Administration argued that publication of such views, by such an authority, would undermine the belief of America's allies in US determination to expose itself to nuclear war to preserve their territory. But in fact, since Russia acquired the capacity to threaten the US heartland with H-bombs, this belief has never been strong; indeed, European scepticism of America's will to use the Great Deterrent is the main reason for the British and French nuclear-weapons programmes. Nevertheless, the book's publication might have been extremely damaging to Eisenhower, had he not now been able to argue that Russia is moving in the same direction as the Administration. The latest Soviet manpower cuts should effectively exorcise the spectre of a Soviet conventional thrust in Europe which could only be answered by resorting to nuclear weapons.

Berlin is the Test

Unfortunately, though US and Soviet defence policies are now moving on parallel lines, the effort to render them acceptable may involve a stiffening of international attitudes in both cases. Mr Krushchev and his Defence Minister, Marshal Malinovsky, have gone to unusual lengths to explain and justify the new policy—which involves the dismissal of over 250,000 officers—to the political and military hierarchy. An intensive 'education' campaign is being carried out throughout Russia, particularly among service units, which suggests that much opposition is feared. Not surprisingly, Mr Krushchev has been at pains to emphasise that the cuts imply no climb-down over Berlin; he will therefore have to bring back something substantial from the Summit. What he is aiming at is no doubt a new statute for the city, which would include a reduction in Allied garrisons and stricter control of propaganda and espionage. The British government favours a settlement on these lines, and worked for it, with some success, at the Geneva meeting last year. But it is resolutely opposed by Dr Adenauer, who claims that the recent western Summit effectively withdrew the concessions made at Geneva and reaffirmed that no Berlin settlement was possible without reunification. In fact, the Paris meeting reached no conclusions at all; Allied Summit tactics on Berlin have still to be decided. All will depend on the degree of determination President Eisenhower can muster to maintain the limited support he has recently accorded to the British position. Criticism of his defence policy will undoubtedly weaken this, and Dr Adenauer intends to press his case strongly when he visits Washington in March. The one bright feature is that the recent neo-Nazi outbreak in Germany has severely weakened Adenauer's international standing, and thus his ability to obstruct a settlement.

Bank Rate Again

The official explanation of last week's increase in Bank rate was that it was a warning of the government's determination to fight inflation. 'In such a rapidly changing world and such a highly complex economy,' said the Chancellor this week, 'one cannot for long take one's hand off the controls'. But it is not yet six months since the Radcliffe Committee unanimously discounted the efficacy of manipulating the rate of interest as a method of regulating demand. The obvious reason for the present increase was in fact the stiffening of money rates in New York and Frankfurt and the loss of gold by Britain due to the resultant movement of short term funds. It is a pity that the authorities did not feel sufficiently confident to explain the reason for these losses. After all, the withdrawal of foreign funds decreases Britain's liability to pay interest. To raise the interest rates, which increases our liability and also increases the cost of existing liabilities, should surely not be described as a 'victory for Sterling'. It is of course possible that the Treasury was right in believing that the currency manipulators in Zurich would be upset by continuing gold losses and that a real crisis of confidence might have ensued. In that case it would have been better to say so. It is the curse of the decision to restore convertibility, that the mistaken policy in other countries of countering a wage-cost inflation by dear money is bound to react on us. We are now caught between West German attempts at deflation and US attempts to stop gold losses. Unfortunately none of the western governments yet understands that what is wanted is a direct attack on cost-inflation, together with measures to buttress international liquidity.

A Nuclear Ally?

The Chinese press has reacted vehemently to the US-Japanese treaty signed in Washington last week. Japan is described as having been integrated into the US atomic strategic system in the Far East and the treaty as an aggressive military alliance against China. Whilst the American press welcomes Japan as an equal defence partner and industrial ally, the Japanese Socialists and the Communist-controlled trade union movement attack it on the grounds that it is stabilising the present deadlock in Sino-Japanese relations; they announce a campaign against its ratification in the Diet. But Mr Kishi's strong card is the present boom in Japan, whose industrial and mining production up to August last year was 270 per cent of her pre-war level. When President Eisenhower visits Tokyo in June, the strategic agreement in Washington will probably be followed by an economic plan with the eventual aim of a common market embracing the US, Canada (Kishi is in Ottawa this week), Australia and Japan. A new factor is Japan's emergence as an atomic economic power. This was recognised in the exchange of letters attached to the treaty. For although it was laid down that there would be prior consultation in any major changes in the deployment of US forces in Japan, such as the introduction of nuclear weapons or a large-scale move of troops to another area, the fact is that Japan's atomic development makes her a nuclear ally.

Protecting the Witnesses

Mr Alport's announcement to the Commons that witnesses before the Monckton Commission would be protected to the extent that the actual giving of their evidence would not constitute grounds for prosecution is a rich example of government humbug. In the first place Mr Alport specifically added that any witness who repeated outside the Commission the evidence he gave inside would not get such protection. What then about the press? Will the editor of a newspaper which reports evidence given before the Commission be liable to arrest and detention? Or the African leader who reports back to the colleagues for whom he has been the spokesman? Mr Alport gave no clear answer. It is moreover very naive of the government to suppose that this assurance, even as far as it goes, will give much comfort to Africans. The people of Nyasaland live for the present by favour of the police, and the evidence a man gives, which will presumably be published in due course – or even the fact that a man has given evidence – is likely to mean a black mark on his police dossier. It is also likely to incur the displeasure of the federal members of the Commission, whose presence will of itself act as a great deterrent to potential witnesses.

Socialism and the Young

Fourteen weeks after its crushing electoral defeat the Labour Party has made its first important step forward: the establishing of a new youth movement – the Young Socialists. The successes of the young Conservatives and young Liberals have helped in creating their parties' high spirits: Labour has been nothing like so fortunate in its attempts to match them. Its new organisation, unlike the old youth sections, will be organised nationally, will hold annual conferences and will elect members from its branches on to local and constituency parties. It is also planned that it will receive much more attention than youth groups in the past, and that there shall be gaiety. A party of the left suffers, of course, from peculiar difficulties in organising young people: the young Conservatives do not have the equivalent of infiltrating Communists or Trotskyites at their dances and treasure hunts. This is why it has been decided that Young Socialists will need to be party members – even though they may join at 15 years of age. Two related consequences will stem from this condition: the group will have a higher political content than conclaves of young Tories, and some young people, who might have wanted to join for social reasons, will be discouraged. Young Socialists, however, should have a

representative on the National Executive. This would be useful not merely as a gesture, but by ensuring that the ideas of the young may be heard where it matters. The Labour Party should take this next step quickly. But, of course, it is not merely the social success of their youth movements which has been important to the Conservative and Liberal Parties. They also have the Bow Group and New Orbits discussing in a modern idiom ideas which engage young people, and on a scale and with an authority which Labour at present lacks. All the jazz clubs and coffee bars in Britain will not win the next election for Labour unless there is also an exciting basis for hard thinking.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Castro and Washington

While Premier Fidel Castro lashes out at the 'vested interests' of the United States, its 'lying press,' and 'imperialistic' foreign policy, his country's reliance on the American dollar appears to be undiminished. Expropriation, with or without legal procedures, of land owned by American citizens and emotional harangues against the United States by the free-swinging Premier have worried Secretary of State Herter to the point of bringing Ambassador Bonsal home for urgent consultation, but the *New York Times* carries a quarter-page advertisement headed 'Get on the Friendship Airlift!' fairly begging Americans to come and enjoy the delights of Havana. Cuban hotels, empty at the height of the winter season, are offering to refund half the plane fare of tourists who stay at least four days, to discover for themselves 'what a friendly welcome' the Cuban people can provide. With the same ambivalence, Dr Castro sneers at the American Sugar Act, which guarantees Cuba a privileged position in the US sugar market at a premium price, but bridles at suggestions that the Act might be changed to allow the President to raise or lower quotas at his discretion.

On the surface it might appear that Castro is flailing about in sheer frustration at the economic subservience of his country. But the fact seems to be that at last he can afford a show of temperament and that, if there is frustration anywhere, it is in Washington. For it is not Castro nor Cuba that Mr Herter has to think about now, but all of Latin America, which is beginning to heave with the kind of spasms that have been rocking Asia and Africa since the war.

Back from a tour of the countries to the south, Karl E. Meyer, an astute writer for the *Washington Post and Herald*, reports evidence everywhere of the impact that the flamboyant Cuban leader has been making, especially on the rank-and-file members of moderately leftist parties. 'Misguided, demagogic, and erratic though Castro may be,' Meyer writes, 'he has an undeniable appeal to Latin Americans impatient for change, resentful of the Yankee giant, and weary of political systems that are outwardly democratic but in reality dominated by a small and myopic oligarchy.' Recent riots in Panama, Argentina, and Venezuela, not to mention the stoning of Vice-President Nixon in 1958, have made Washington painfully aware that without some act of dramatic statesmanship on its part in the near future, we may wake up some morning to find that a vast continent that we long took for granted had become 'neutralist' at best, and at worst something a shade or two uglier.

Except for the most short-sighted Congressmen, nobody thinks that reducing Cuban sugar imports is exactly the type of statesmanship called for. It might, on the contrary, touch off a wave of resentment from Havana to Santiago. The President's projected trip to South America is a more promising step, but ten days of good-will banquets in Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and Uruguay hardly seems the answer either. *O Jornal* of Rio de Janeiro predicts that the visit will 'melt a pack of ice,' but already Venezuelans and Peruvians are complaining that they have been kept off the itinerary, possibly out of pique over their reception of Mr Nixon.

Forgetting for the moment the long list of follies charged against Washington – giving the Order of Merit to the savage dictator Jimenez in Venezuela, supporting the Batista regime throughout the Castro rebellion, sending good-will junkets to Trujillo, and similar diplomatic monstrosities – both Democratic and Republican Administrations have given the impression that the United States always has big plans and big money for every part of the world except Latin America.

What is needed, not only as a practical matter but for the lift it would bring to a whole continent, is something very like a Marshall Plan for the world below the Rio Grande. If the end-product of the present strain is a dramatic act of such scope as that, even the painful histrionics of Fidel Castro will have been justified.

ROBERT BENDINER

New Delhi

Voting in Kerala

Our New Delhi Correspondent writes: Campaigning for Kerala's mid-term elections next Monday is in full swing. There is a half-restrained intensity in the campaigning which is commensurate with the importance of the elections. There are few processions and little shouting. But on roads and on walls and other paintable surfaces slogans are written – 'No Vote for the Chinese Agents', 'Vote for the CP for a Stable Government', 'Vote for the United Front to Redeem Democracy', and so on – which indicate a mounting election excitement.

Coming after Delhi's intervention in Kerala, based on charges and counter-charges of subverting or perverting democracy in the state, the election is a significant test of the claims and counter-claims of popular support. The general disillusion with China and with the India Communist party attitudes towards the Chinese frontier dispute has added to its significance.

Despite the fact that small groups like the Revolutionary Socialist party, the Kerala Socialist party, Dr Lohia's group of Socialists, the Karnataka Samiti, and the Jan Sangh are contesting the elections, the main fight will be between the Communist party and the United Front constituted by the Congress party, the Praja-Socialist party and the Muslim League. The Front has put up some 125 candidates – the Congress party 80, the P-SP 33, and the Muslim League 12 – and so has the Communist party. The 125 candidates put up by the CP include 22 Communist-sponsored independents. In addition, 23 independents are contesting unattached. The total number of candidates is said to be 312; the number of Assembly seats to be filled is 126.

In their election manifesto, the Communists charge that their Ministry in Kerala was dismissed 'undemocratically' by the Congress-controlled government at New Delhi, against the accepted principles of 'provincial autonomy and parliamentary democracy'. They also claim that Kerala got a stable government for the first time after the CP became the majority group in the legislature, and that even in the 28 months that it held office it did much towards building 'a new, prosperous Kerala'.

The United Front tries to convince the voter, however, that Communist rule in Kerala 'violated the principles of the Constitution'; that it was 'highly partisan' and an 'utter failure'; and that it would be suicidal to vote the Communists back to power. It also draws pointed attention to the 'extra-territorial loyalties and methods of totalitarian functioning of the Communist Party', and promises, for its part, 'sincerely to strive to solve the many problems of the state and create conditions for a healthier and happier life'; it also promises to provide Kerala with a 'good and stable' administration based on democratic principles and usages.

The first post-independence Congress ministry in Travancore – the major of the three zones which were brought together in 1956 to form Kerala, the others being Cochin and Malabar – was actually a government of all the communities, which were at the same time distinct political groups. But within days of the formation of the Ministry, internal power struggles began to tear the Congress party and the government. Since 1947 there have been seven ministries in Kerala and two periods of President's rule. Of the seven, five were Congress ministries, one was a minority ministry formed under the Chief Ministership of the P-SP leader, Pattom Thanu Pillai, and one was a Communist ministry. The Communist ministry stayed for the longest period – 28 months. New Delhi intervened, and President's rule followed for about six months in 1953-54, and about a year before the 1957 general elections, after which the Communists formed their government, with a majority of two.

Kerala's 8,021,400 voters – in 1956 there were 7,514,620 – are estimated to be more or less equally divided into Communist and non-Communist supporters. It seems generally accepted, however, that the people in Kerala desire first and foremost economic relief, from which they apparently expect political stability to follow. About 55 per cent of the land-holdings in Kerala are less than one acre, where economists think an average economic holding should be about five acres. The *per capita* agricultural income is Rs113.70; and there is a large proportion of non-earners: for every 100 persons, 28 are self-supporting, six are earning dependants, and 6 non-earning dependants. About 50 per cent of the families in Kerala, it is calculated, earn some Rs50 or less per month. Superimposed on all this are the sharp communal divisions, which inevitably condition political attitudes and affiliations. Splinter grouping results naturally. It is perhaps these factors which will primarily determine the vote in the coming elections.

Fleet Street

Invest With The People

For the first time for 25 years the *Daily Mirror* is contemplating running a financial page. To the anger of the Beaverbrook newspapers, some of whose nest of bright young City gentlemen are being tempted, it is busy gathering together a staff of youthful authorities on the acquisitive society to tell its 14 million or so readers (about 85 per cent of them in the lower income group and around half under the age of 33) just what is going on in the City each day and how they should invest their money. There is no particular occasion for politically raised eyebrows in this: the *Daily Herald* after all always published a city column even in its more robust Socialist days. But the social significance of this break with *Mirror* tradition is undoubtedly considerable and well worth a certain amount of thought by politicians and others.

The *Mirror* has always been governed by the firm journalistic principle that people must have what they want. It has offered its huge mass of readers thrills, strips, hard hitting exposures, cheesecake, sport, radicalism, a warm heart, humour and an ability to shock them by brilliant technical presentation into an understanding of particular public problems when it feels they needed it. It has told them fairly frequently how to spend their money. Never until now has it felt it necessary to tell them how to invest it. The fact that it should now do so is as important a sign of the times and of the current changes in British society as one could well find. The fact is that good financial journalists, able to take the worker by the hand and lead him to a dividend, are becoming as much sought after as women columnists or racing tipsters with a winning streak. All popular newspapers are busy refurbishing their city columns and thinking of new gimmicks to persuade the new working and middle-class investor that they know the safest and quickest way to the 20th century heaven of rising dividends and capital gains. The serious papers too are now paying money the tribute of still more space. For instance the *Sunday Times* has increased its financial pages to the same number as it devotes to women's interests.

Meanwhile in the lower reaches of journalism – or higher according to which form of measurement you use – the struggle for circulation is taking on a more murky tone. Stung by the success of the *People*, the *News of the World* and the *Sunday Pictorial* have apparently decided that a considerable number of all those hundreds of thousands of new readers who flocked to the *People* in the past year did so because of the delights of 'My Wicked, Wicked Life' by Errol Flynn. The *News of the World* has countered with 'Wild and Wicked', the confessions of Diana Dors ('I first noticed I was different from other girls when I was in school at Swindon. I had more bulges'). The *Sunday Pictorial*, which significantly has now dropped without trace the weekly political feature it has been running for some time, has (tiny minds think alike) gone for 'The Shocking Mr Dors', the 'fabulous' story of Diana Dor's late husband, Dennis Hamilton, told by a friend of his.

Opening instalments in both the papers lean heavily on, and duplicate, episodes in the life of this gentleman who appears to have been as nasty a character as ever managed to keep out of prison or a home for moral delinquents. One of his favourite hobbies, described in considerable detail by both the 'newspaper for the young in heart' and the one with 'the largest circulation in the world', seems to have been to arrange for the seduction of film-struck young girls in his house and to invite his guests to observe the proceedings through a one-way glass let into the ceiling of the bedroom. The *News of the World* and the *Sunday Pictorial* are between them read by some 23 million people, just over 60 per cent of the entire adult population. I do not know whether such readers really want this nauseating stuff, which seems to me to sink as low as any journalism can, but I do not envy the editors of these two papers their jobs or their professional standards. Of the men above them, the chairman and the managing director of the *News of the World* I only know by reputation; but if Mr Cecil King and Mr Hugh Cudlipp, the powers behind the *Pictorial*, feel compelled by their circulation position to approve the publication of this sort of material, I am sorry for them. They can hardly feel very proud of themselves, I am sure.

Until a full inquiry has been made there is not much that can be said about the serious allegations against some of the newspapermen who have been 'covering' Aneurin Bevan's illness at the Royal Free Hospital. Most of the press have acted with consideration – though the presence of so many reporters must inevitably create problems for the hospital. It is alleged, however, that on Sunday night a reporter and a photographer were found on the third floor of the hospital trying to make their way unobserved into Mr Bevan's room. They took fright, it is stated, when stopped by a nurse and after a flimsy excuse that they were looking for a friend in a general ward, ran off; but one of them, the reporter, has since, it is claimed, been identified by a member of the hospital staff. The reporter himself absolutely denies the charge. The report has deeply shocked Fleet Street; and the newspaper by whom this reporter is employed, which has had a good reputation in such matters, has taken one of its chief executives off all other duties to make a full investigation. The NUJ is also investigating the matter, and it is being reported to the Press Council. A very complete investigation and report is obviously necessary in the interests of all concerned.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Johannesburg

Onward Christian Racialists

The confusion into which Dr Verwoerd's announcement of a republican referendum has thrown his white opponents may be gauged from the fact that no party or newspaper has so far taken up his most omnious revelation – that the South African Republic is to be a 'Christian' one. Dr Verwoerd did not define his terms, but then he did not need to. Everyone knows that for extremist Afrikaner Nationalists the Federation of Afrikaans Cultural Societies has defined 'Christian' to mean 'one who adheres to the creeds of our three Afrikaner (i.e. Dutch Reformed) churches'.

There has for some time been speculation about differences within the Nationalist Party. Most Nationalists suffer under the illusion that whites, and not the Africans themselves, are to pay for Dr Verwoerd's Bantustan hallucinations. At the same time, industrialists – and this includes some Afrikaners – have become concerned by the growing impact of racial legislation on the day-to-day making of their money, and by overseas developments like the imminent boycott of South African goods.

The illusion of the 'moderate' Nationalists never having died, feelers had lately begun to go out for coalition. The South African Foundation was formed, uniting English and Afrikaans-speaking tycoons in the 'non-political' propaganda task of correcting the world's so obviously distorted image of white South Africa. Now Dr Verwoerd, with superb timing, has confounded any prospects of coalition. He has shown the English-speaking financiers that as long as money-making remains their primary interest, he doesn't need their political support. With the sounding of the call of the republic, the Nationalist ranks are more firmly closed than ever.

Racialism has, of course, been the ever-tensed mainspring of Nationalist, and indeed of all preceeding, white politics in South Africa. It will remain so. But the republican ideal, rooted in Anglophobia and the Boer War, has provided a useful emotional carrot for those Nationalist Afrikaners uninterested in, or incapable of groping after, Bantustan visions. Once achieved, the loss of this emotional focus will be compensated by ever-growing demands for republican patriotism and – more significantly – conformity.

It is clear that Dr Verwoerd considers the legislative framework of *apartheid* to have been completed, as indeed it has. The Nationalists have no intention of ever relinquishing office – 'the government is in power and it will remain in power', Dr Verwoerd boldly announced last week – and they are, for the present, not overworried by an African National Congress which has let itself be bound by the crippling requirements of Nationalist legality. Nor do the Nationalist believe that British or American investments will be withdrawn from a South African Republic whose profit yields remain satisfactory.

Dr Verwoerd feels confident, moreover, that he can continue to enjoy the benefits of British capital investment and Commonwealth membership whilst having his 'Christian' republic at home. In fact, he has laid down *his* terms for continued Commonwealth membership – continued Tory government in Britain. In return for such a compliment, he apparently calculated, Mr Macmillan would swallow even the present blatant attempt to use his South African visit to reassure English-speaking whites that they can safely vote for the Nationalists' republic.

What disturbs the Nationalists most is the growing, though still small, internal white opposition, and its impact on world opinion. A censorship bill has been promised for this year which will control the still substantially free press, and white education is to be centralised on carefully undefined 'Christian' lines. But even this leaves two major sources of serious opposition untouched – private individuals and non-Dutch Reformed churches. It is here that the significance of a 'Christian' republic may prove to lie. The main white opposition to the Nationalists has come from the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches and from individuals, most of whom happen to be Jews. The writing on the South African wall for Bishops and liberal Jews may well read 'Silence in the Christian Republic'.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

The Revolt in Algiers

On Sunday evening, after a day of Spring-like softness, the citizens of Paris, chatting quietly on the café terraces, did not give the impression of a people about to enter a great historic drama. Nevertheless, at every street corner, the special editions of the *Journal de Dimanche* were already screaming: FIRE OPENED IN ALGIERS. Nobody was yet willing to believe that the rioting on the other side of the Mediterranean was likely to drag the country into a civil war and threaten the existence of the new republic. This calm reception was itself an index – who can deny it? – of public confidence in General de Gaulle. Even his enemies on the left made no attempt to hide their belief that de Gaulle, unlike his predecessors, Pflimlin and Mollet, would stand up to the wild men in Algiers. The unanimity of opinion in metropolitan France and the absence of any open right-wing sentiment – even the fanatics of 'Jeune Nation' did not dare to sound their car-horns in the streets, as they did in May 1958 – appeared to be a signal proof of the strength of de Gaulle's position.

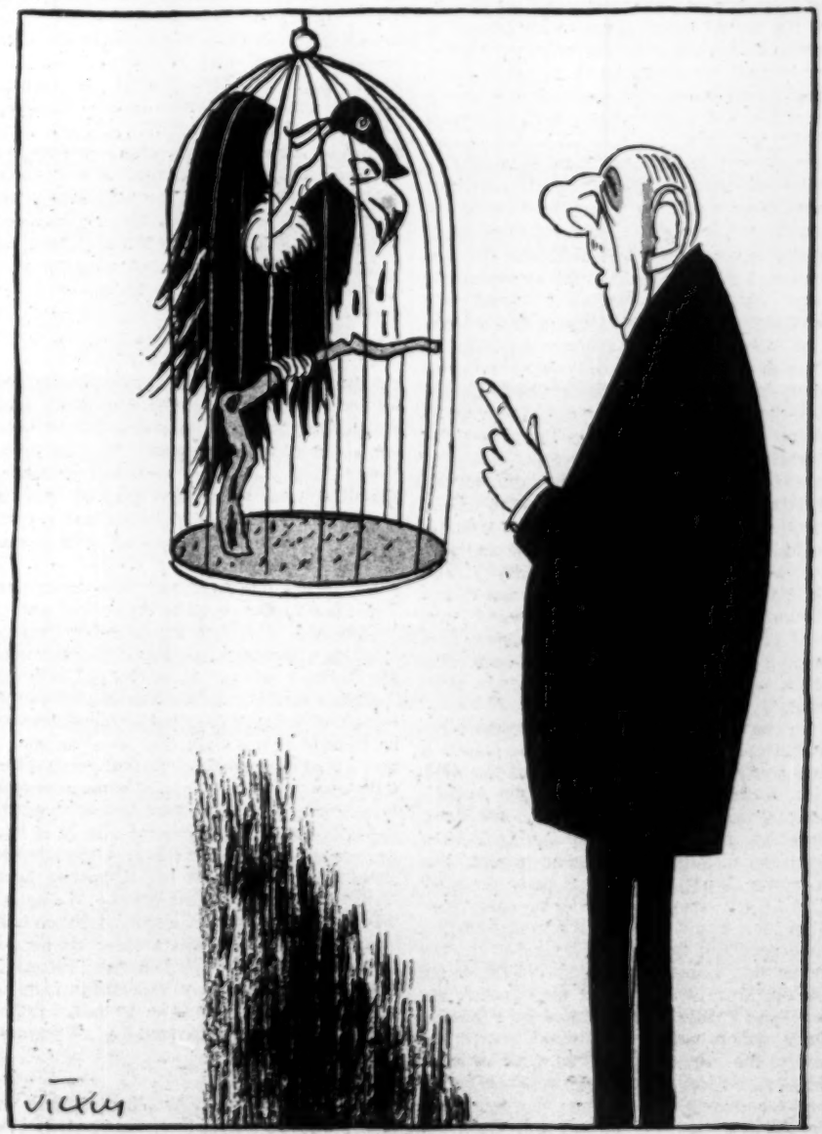
But in fact this position, because de Gaulle inherited it from the men of May 1958 and because he has failed to disavow this lineage since, seemed stronger than it was. Ever since his declaration last September, affirming Algeria's right to self-determination, the extremists have been preparing for armed revolt. It was known in Paris that Messrs Ortiz and Lagaillarde had begun to organise armed commandos and had been in close contact with army officers ready to go to the limit. They had recruited Georges Bidault as a sort of 'spiritual chief' of the Front Nationale Français, and they had openly declared that they would form a National Liberation Government in Algeria the moment de Gaulle opened negotiations with the Algerian nationalists in Paris.

De Gaulle treated these preparations with complete contempt, and assured his worried advisers that the Army and the Algerian Arabs were behind him. As for the rest – beginning with Bidault – they were beneath his notice. But each week the rumours from Algeria grew more alarming. They were no longer echoed merely in such 'alarmist' left-wing papers as *L'Express* and *France-Observateur*, but also in the mass-circulation dailies such as *France-Soir*. When he returned from his holiday in the south of France, de Gaulle himself received a delegation of the so-called 'deputies' from Algeria, led by M. Lauriol, who boasted openly that the Army was against the self-determination policy and that some commanders would be willing to drop parachutists on Paris. This was a pointed allusion to the means by which de Gaulle himself was brought to power. He replied sharply: 'The Army is not distinguished for its brains. It took sides against Dreyfus and backed Pétain, and now it's in favour of integration. Even if you surround the Elysée with paratroops, what good will that do in Algeria?'

Millions of French readers thus discovered, the next morning, that an assault on the Elysée had been publicly admitted by the Head of State as a possible alternative – doomed to failure, to be sure – to his regime. Here, already, were grounds for anxiety. But life continued as before, and the departure of M. Pinay dominated the headlines. Then came the Massu affair. Massu, once the chairman of the Public Safety Committee, said nothing in his interview which was not already well known to the government. But, *inter alia*, he let slip that the extremists were already arming and that the Army was a force that would have to be reckoned with. This, it seems, was the last straw for de Gaulle and he acted. Debré, the Premier, and Guillaumat, the Defence Minister, got from Massu a public statement of allegiance – of sorts – and spent hours trying to persuade de Gaulle that this was good enough and that the episode should be regarded as over. But this time the President was unwilling to listen to their refrain, 'If you lay a finger on Massu, Algeria will explode'. Tired of being reminded that the Army had already overthrown the Republic once – and could do so again – de Gaulle opted for a showdown. On Friday morning, after a cabinet meeting at the Elysée, Massu was removed and the policy of self-determination reaffirmed. Further, de Gaulle, in an attempt to show that he was of different metal to the leaders of the Fourth Republic, announced that he himself would visit Algeria on 5 February, the anniversary of Guy Mollet's base capitulation before the tomato-toting *colons* of Algiers.

A crisis was inevitable. For a long time de Gaulle had been aware that he would have to choose between his concept of France's world mission and his links with the mad extremists in Algiers. He could not negotiate on equal terms with men like Eisenhower and Krushchev and, at one and the same time, remain the prisoner of the men of the 13 May and their dotty Algerian policies. Confident in his own destiny, he tried to delay the moment of decision and to win the battle by subterfuge. He thus lost valuable time and undermined his chances of winning. At the time of the referendum, with over 80 per cent of the votes of Metropolitan France behind him, he could have settled the hash of the extremist leaders without the slightest difficulty. But by the time he finally chose Massu as the pretext for a showdown, he was faced with a body of resolute, organised and armed men.

Desperate men, even. For, to the leaders of the FNF, de Gaulle's policy of self-determination was more than a political threat. It was also a personal one. Once de Gaulle re-established the rule of law in Algeria, the lives and liberties of several of them



'Alors, say "Vive de Gaulle" again..'

would be in danger. The dossiers of more than one of them are already sufficiently loaded to condemn them to long years of imprisonment before any court of justice. There is documentary proof that one has been a European counter-terrorist leader, responsible for the death of dozens of people, including Frenchmen, and that he was one of those who has tortured Arabs in the Villa des Sources. Another has the death of at least one tortured Algerian on his conscience – without mentioning lesser crimes such as the theft of goods belonging to 'missing persons'. Other *colon* leaders are in a similar position. So long as a species of complicity, despite their disagreements, existed between the men of 13 May and de Gaulle, they ran no real risk. After all, it was merely the newspapers which described the methods used for the 'pacification' of Algeria which were prosecuted, and not those who employed them (as, for instance, in the case of Professor Audin, whose murderers have been known to the authorities for a long time). But if de Gaulle finally decided to cut the Gordian knot and force his concepts on Algeria, then the extremist leaders were in deadly peril.

Hence, with their backs to the wall, with nothing to lose, the leaders of the *ultras* launched their troops into the battle last Sunday. Perfectly organised, carrying out elaborately prepared plans, they quickly formed a bastion of resistance in the heart of Algiers. The Gardes Mobiles, who attempted to intervene, found themselves engaged in a major operation, and suffered heavy losses. General Challe, the Commander in Chief, with a display of verbal firmness, then replaced the police with parachute units which, until two days before, had been commanded by Massu himself. While declaring himself loyal to de Gaulle he explained to the Elysée that the army was unable to smash the insurgents by force. De Gaulle dispatched Debré and Guillaumat post-haste to Algiers and emphasised to his ministers that there would be no climb-down. But the two envoys returned empty-handed. The army leaders had repeated to them that, while they would continue to defend public buildings from the rioters, the executions of the order to crush the rising 'would create a cruel crisis of conscience for officers and men' – according to the official version. Challe and the parachutist colonels could not have chosen a more able and prudent way of showing their solidarity with Ortiz and his fanatics. Gaullists in name, they did not ask the General to leave the Elysée, but, partisans of *l'Algérie française*, they made it plain that the only way of ending the revolt was by ceding to the demands of its leaders.

So the paradox of the Fifth Republic has at last come out into the open. De Gaulle is uncontested leader of France; but the principal force on which he leans – the Army – will only carry out its own policy. The President has not succeeded in freeing himself from the tutelage of those who brought him to power. What, therefore, is he to do now? Can he try cunning, in order to gain time? This itself would be a confession of weakness to France and the world. Can he, in the last resort, find a means of getting himself obeyed by this army which 'is not distinguished for its brains'? This, indeed, would be a miracle. Paris, still in comfortable mood, awaits passively the outcome of this final struggle between the one-time leader of Free France and the army of his country. The desperados in Algiers, on the other hand, are quite confident about the future.

Paris K. S. KAROL

London Diary

I NEVER knew journalists at the TV 'press conference' so smartly out-classed as they were by Mr Tom Mboya last Friday. I can imagine the feelings of many viewers who still vaguely think of Africans as struggling out of savagery. No British politician, don or QC could have had the answers to every question more glibly and precisely ready at the tip of his tongue. I think he over-did it – which was no doubt due to the failure of the press team to ask him informed, probing questions. Mboya would have been wise to be less clever, and to have answered questions that weren't explicitly put to him. Asked whether he is not in too much of a hurry with his 'one man, one vote', he had of course a splendid time recalling the immemorial patience of Africans and the injustices that they have suffered at the hands of Europeans. But knowledgeable friends of Africa may still fear that he is in too much of a hurry from his own point of view. It is of course the fault of the Europeans that the great majority of Africans in Kenya have not been given a chance of learning about trade or agriculture or administration or the management of money. How long will it be before Mr Mboya has enough colleagues to be able to run their country for their own advantage? On what terms will they be willing to employ Europeans after they have swamped the white vote in the legislature? Given the firm promise of an African Kenya, what time schedule would Mr Mboya really accept? If these realities had been discussed, the argument could have usefully turned on Mr Macleod's recent, surely very important, statement about the opportunities of technical and administrative training which will now be offered to Kenya Africans.

* * *

I thought Robert Kee, usually a wise performer on *Panorama*, quite silly about Irish horses. What was the relevance of the question about 'animals *or* people'? Why not both? Surely Peter Cadbury, who was protesting against this particular dirty scandal, was entirely right in refusing to be led into a comparison between the horrors of child starvation in Algerian refugee camps and the particular minor horror on his own door-step. There is no older or more discredited way of maintaining an evil on the door-step than by directing attention to another down the road. Mr Cadbury was not to be charged with callousness about H-bombs, concentration camps, foreign police states or road accidents because he thought it was right that someone should give a lead in persuading the Irish to slaughter their own horses, perhaps at some economic loss, instead of sending them to toss about the sea until they are slaughtered with, it is said, no humanity at all in France. A loud protest should be made about this disgusting horse traffic, and I notice that Sheehy Skeffington was, once again, the one outspoken dissentient in the Irish Senate when Mr Lemass found reasons for doing nothing about it. Professor Stanford wanted immediately to set up an abattoir in Ireland – but that, I gather, won't happen without a good deal of pressure.

* * *

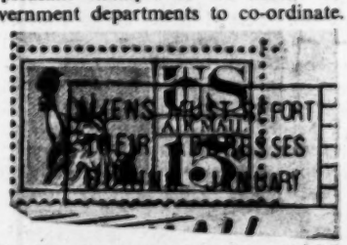
With its usual flair, the *Daily Mirror* has resolved December's horrifying road statistics into people – with faces. The death roll of 745 during December was the highest monthly rate for 17 years. Instead of merely announcing this in a headline which satiated readers could shrug off as just another bit of sensational news, the *Mirror* gave us the photographs of 51 men, 18 women and 11 children who were among the victims. The effect is to shock – as the *Daily Mirror* intended. The 80 are mainly young people, and the children laugh happily in their photographs, as no doubt they did when they were killed carelessly playing in the road. The editor of the *Mirror* tells me that the considerable job of following up the accidents and getting the photographs was done by local *Mirror* reporters who called at the bereaved homes and always found the relatives glad for the photographs to be published. Mr Marples will be grateful to the *Mirror*. Motorists will find it more difficult to complain about restrictions on their liberties. A considerable proportion of these 80 must have been killed by drivers on their way home from cocktail parties, Christmas feasts, or jolly evenings at the pub. Angry objectors to alcohol breathing-tests will be silenced. If I had killed one of these many children after a party I don't think I should ever want either to drive or to drink again.

* * *

Even those who don't share their religious views may welcome last week-end's merger (blessed by R. H. Tawney) of various Christian Socialist societies. Donald Soper is interim Chairman, and the names of the steering committee seem to guarantee that these Christians will be uncompromisingly Socialist without being sectarian (in the political or the ecclesiastical sense). In recent years this movement – which has a very reputable ancestry going far back beyond Conrad Noel, Stewart Headlam, F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley – has suffered from disunity and from having no central office and staff. Now the Christian Socialists have at least temporary headquarters, at the Kingsway Hall. Next time some issue – of penal reform for instance – comes up, perhaps they will lobby the bishops in the Lords.

* * *

A correspondent sends me this surcharged American stamp with the comment that it is a pleasant example of the failure of two government departments to co-ordinate.



The stamp represents the Statue of Liberty, over which is printed 'Liberty for All'. It is surcharged: 'Aliens must report their addresses during January'.

* * *

Professor Blackett recently argued in this journal that Britain now has no defence policy—merely a hotch-potch of outmoded theories, obsolescent 'hardware' and nostalgia. The subject is the theme of the new issue of the *Political Quarterly* (price 8s. 6d). Not all its expert contributors agree with Blackett, though some come near it. Where they really differ from him, however, is that they still believe we can correct the mistakes in our policy without a complete re-appraisal of what modern war is about. Denis Healey urges more 'integration' with Europe; so

does Alastair Buchan, who thinks that Britain's nuclear weapons should become the basis of a joint European deterrent, controlled by Nato; as a complement to this Richard Goold-Adams insists our conventional forces be modernised, if necessary by increasing expenditure. Very well. But integration means giving the Germans atomic know-how. A joint deterrent means submitting its use to the unanimous decision of 14 nations (impractical) or giving General Norstad carte-blanche (unacceptable). And increased expenditure means cutting investment or ending the consumer boom. None of these objections is convincingly dealt with. The best essays are an illuminating analysis, by A. C. L. Day, of the economics of defence policy, which gives the lowdown on the Macmillan-Sandys 'revolution', and a useful study by Michael Howard of how the Ministry of Defence works. I still don't believe it really does, but at least I now know why. Finally, the *Quarterly* reprints a recent assessment, issued by the Institute of Strategic Studies, of the armed forces of Russia and the NATO powers. I'm told by the Ministry of Defence that it's not accurate in all respects but it was widely praised as authoritative at the recent NATO Conference

* * *

A reference in this journal's Westminster column to Leslie Hale's forensic battles on behalf of poachers has reminded a friend of this story. Lord A's gamekeeper one night saw two men carrying poaching kit on the estate. They ran, but he took a short cut to their house and was there when they turned up with their booty. The two complained to Leslie that they had been poaching, not on the estate of Lord A but on that of Sir George B. Leslie found two others who *had* been on Lord A's estate that night and induced them to turn up in court. He put the two accused in the box, told the story of the other two, but asked the bench not to press him to put them in the box too. The bench agreed and dismissed the case. Some time later, the same gamekeeper found a pheasant with a leg broken in a trap. Instead of killing the pheasant, he left it there and caught a poacher redhanded as he collected the bird. The poacher was fined 20s. Immediately, in the same court, Leslie prosecuted the gamekeeper for cruelty to a captive bird and got him a fine of £5. This so unnerved the gamekeeper that when, some weeks later, he caught Leslie fishing in Lord A's pool, he failed to ask Leslie if he had a permit. Leslie hadn't.

* * *

'The name Tory stinks . . . If the Conservative party is to make any progress it must change its name and merge with the Liberals'.
—Mr Ernest Marples in 1946

CRITIC

NEW STATESMAN Advertisement Award

ADVERTISEMENTS are an integral part of every paper and can provide a valuable service to readers. There are, however, wide variations in the standard of advertisements and in order to encourage those whose standard is high the NEW STATESMAN is inaugurating an annual award for the best advertisement appearing in its columns. This award will have no monetary value, but will take the form of specially drawn diplomas for the advertiser and the agents responsible for the advertisement.

The serious press tends to attract advertisements of a reasonably good standard, and the award for 1959 was therefore not easy to make. Against strong 'consumer' competition from KOBLER: 'Deservedly the Most Expensive Electric Razor in the World' (agents: KEYMER ADVERTISING LTD), the winner was finally judged to be the 'prestige' advertisement illustrated here, prepared for WILMOT BREEDEN LTD by W. S. CRAWFORD LTD and published in the NEW STATESMAN of 19 September 1959.

You parlez anglais ?
GB
Good. Back from Paris, just. Works of negotiations, pallaut, complex, cordial, triumphant.
Le shake-hand. Le pat-back. Sott! A la vôtre . . .
All complete now. All sworn, sealed, stamped, signed, settled. All legal. The Party of the First Part (nous seuls parties), etc. . . . the Party of the Second Part (la seule au deuxième), etc. . . .
the Party of the Third Part (la quelconque qui donne à ladite seule), etc. . . . Whereas (considérant que) . . .
Notwithstanding (outre) . . . As witness (que le ciel nous soit témoin), etc. . . . All official.
Meaning? That Wilmot Breeden, offering their technical knowledge (savoir-faire), have bought a major holding (livre majeure) in famous French components company Autocoussin Dura S.A.!
Meaning that Britain (L'entente Alors) now has a foothold (entente de pied) in the motor vehicle components side of the European Common Market (marché vulgaire, mais fort commode).
Vive la reine! Vive le commerce et la science des mécanismes! Vive la France! Vive la joie!
Et long vive Wilmot Breeden whose locks, handles, window-winders, bumpers, over-riders, etc., virtually every British car roads today, etc., now whizzing about all over Europe, etc.
WILMOT BREEDEN are at Birmingham: also at London, Manchester, Bridgwater, Glasgow, Melbourne, Toronto

I was attracted first of all to the Wilmot Breeden advertisements by the drawings. These splodgy Ionescu-isms were subtle and disturbing and they drew one slyly and wittily to the text. Are the hazards of Anglo-French cooperation the theme? Then the head of the French coq *goes on the shoulders of the Englishman – always presented, by some genius of misunderstanding, in kilts by the French – and the British lion looks soupily from the shoulders of a gendarme. The text of* You parlez anglais? *is brilliant. In itself it is an accomplished episode in the manner of that minor master of arresting attention Mr. Jingle: each word goes to the point and carries the tale forward so that one positively welcomes the climax. I fancy this is rare in advertising copy. At any rate, I am usually conscious of bathos.* You parlez anglais? *was also good because it had a really impressive* coup *to celebrate; and although the writer took a great risk in playing with fractured French, he comes out with top marks because he worked in high spirits at a high level.*

V. S. PRITCHETT

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

As an Elvis Presley fan I was disgusted with some of the remarks about him by one of the panel in 'Challenge'. These boys are too young and have insufficient qualification to state their views about such great stars as Elvis. I'm sure that many feel that there ought to be a panel of older people to discuss such things as childbirth and the work of disc jockeys.—Letter in *TV Weekly*. (R. N. Rees.)

The Queens keeps as close a housewifely eye on her 600 rooms as the average woman does on her five or six.—*Daily Mail*. (P. M. Gomm.)

One civil service typist who took speech lessons at the City Literary Institute was so timid she would hardly open her mouth to say 'yes' and 'no'. But she gradually gained confidence and went on to join the drama class. Soon afterwards she started wearing black stockings and brass earrings. She left her job and went to work in a Left-wing bookshop. And she developed a strong German accent.—*John Bull*. (Nicholas Tomalin.)

My long-haired Dachshund was recently worried by two large Labrador-type dogs in the park. When I asked their master to keep his dogs under control, he replied: 'These are English dogs and this is an English park. If your foreign dog doesn't want to play with them, that's too bad.'—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (M. Koch.)

The Restoration

'For us Jews the vast publicity given to a few swastika-smearers is a little embarrassing. We know it is well intentioned. But, oh dear, if only people would concern themselves with the evils at the centre instead of advertising the lunatic fringe!'

The man who said this to me last week is one of the outstanding Jews of the Bundesrepublik. The German Jewish community, he had just told me, now consists of 30,000 men, women and children, more than half of them entirely dependent on compensation from the Bonn government; no fewer than 6,000 are returnees who failed in Israel and have discovered that Germany is, after all, their home. This remnant of what was once the proudest and most westernised Jewish community in Europe plays no significant part in German life. Most of the boys and girls in the Bundesrepublik do not know what a Jew is and they have learnt all they know about the Jewish problem from remarks dropped at home by their parents, of whom the vast majority have a bad conscience and a guilty desire to bury their Nazi past. Racialism has been successfully discarded – as is shown by the affection lavished on the 30,000 illegitimate children left behind by American soldiers – many of them coloured. But, even though there are no German Jews to hate, the anti-Semitic tradition is still strong – if suppressed. A recent poll showed 22 per cent of active anti-Semites and 40 per cent ominously refusing to answer the question.

Nevertheless, we agreed that the neo-Nazis and Fascist groups, including the Deutsche Reichspartei, are not much stronger than their opposite numbers in this country; and the shocked hostility of public opinion in all classes is very encouraging. Though they may have been Nazis 15 years ago, the parents are appalled by the idea of a Nazi revival ('which could damage us so badly in the eyes of world opinion'), while most of the younger generation are actively and positively anti-Fascist. No, if anti-Semitism were all there was to worry about in West Germany, this report on the health of German democracy could be very short and very encouraging. Unfortunately, however, racialism was only one aspect of German Fascism.

I started by taking a look at the school system. And, since each *Land* has its own education and its own schoolbooks, I chose Nordrhein-Westfalen, the largest and most important of them, spending three days talking to politicians, trade unionists and teachers, as well as taking the top class of a Gymnasium for an hour's history lesson. Everywhere I found encouraging good will and frankness – combined with a mood of liberal-minded resignation. 'After all, you can't compel teachers to deal with current affairs and recent history,' I was told by the Kulturminister in Dusseldorf. 'Two-thirds of my teachers were active before 1945 and therefore more or less nazified. They tend to agree with the parents that the past should be buried. And, if the children *have* been given some new democratic ideas at school, there is often a row at home, which does not make the ardent young teacher popular with the elderly and cautious school director!'

The Minister confirmed what I had elsewhere learnt, that the present teenagers are not indifferent to politics. Faced with a choice of four essays for their leaving exam, many of them this year had chosen the theme of the democrat's right to resist dictatorship by force. Many of the post-war teachers too would like more work on civics and current affairs and accepted the criticism that modern history should not stop, as it usually does, at the battle of Verdun. It was generally agreed that teachers' refresher courses and adult education were the two prerequisites for removing repressed Nazi prejudices.

But why on earth should there be so many Nazis in the teaching profession and education administration? The answer to this question takes us outside the school system to the notorious Law 131. When the allied occupation ended, one of the first acts of the Bundestag in Bonn was to rescind the allied decree under which only those who had been denazified were allowed to serve in the civil service or to receive pensions. Apart from ardent Nazis, Law 131 reinstated all *Beamten* and restored the pension rights of everyone eligible in 1945. As a result, tens of thousands of Nazi teachers, judges and civil servants first got their pensions back and then, owing to the shortage of manpower, resumed their jobs as well. This law also restored some war pensions, but they were limited to professional soldiers in service before 1935, thus providing for the officers' corps and the Reichwehr. Law 131, which costs 15,000 million marks annually in pensions alone, has been called, not unfairly, the basis of the West German 'Restoration'.

In the eastern zone, the Communists did things differently. By refusing to pay any pensions at all, they forced the Nazi civil servant and officer out of state service and made him earn his living elsewhere. After this, some of them were brainwashed and taken back – but only on the government's savage terms of unconditional ideological surrender. In West Germany, on the other hand, their service as Nazi officials was recognised and rewarded and they came back to work on their own terms.

I discussed Law 131 with three prominent Social Democrats in the Bundestag. They explained to me that Dr Schumacher had insisted on voting for it – for three reasons. First, it was important to show that this time the Social Democrats were national-minded and, in particular, not opposed to the professional soldiers. Secondly, something had to be done for the eastern refugees, a large number of whom were destitute teachers and officials. Without re-employment or pensions, they would starve. Thirdly, since at least 40 per cent of the electorate were active Nazis, it was important to win their votes by supporting what was undoubtedly a popular measure. I remarked that, though the arguments were tempting, the damage done to democracy by this strengthening of Nazism was appalling. Disconcertingly, I got the reply: 'If we had a second chance, we would do it all over again. After all, in a democracy you've got to be concerned with the voter.'

True enough, the East German Communists, who believed in social revolution and who did not have to bother about votes, had an easy decision. They could, and they did, systematically destroy the capitalist social structure in which Nazism flourished. Then they replaced it with a new total state, in which the austerity, the discipline, the self-dedication and the cruelty of Prussia are all revived in Communist form and under Russian tutelage. But what could be done by the politicians in Bonn, who were instructed by the Anglo-Americans to deal with the Ruhr magnates – but without nationalising their concerns – and to crush Nazism – but without causing too much distress? The rule of the majority was bound to give the Nazis and ex-Nazis an absolute veto on laws directed against them. Furthermore, the western reluctance to penalise anyone unless his guilt had been demonstrated meant that the civil service, the judiciary and education would all be manned, at the middle level, by people with no belief in democracy.

But what about the key positions at the top – the Cabinet ministers, the heads of departments, the presidents of universities and the school directors? Could not these, at least, have been selected exclusively from staunch anti-Nazis? Of course they could have been, and the fact that they were not is due to the overwhelming personal power of one man. Whatever Dr Adenauer's services in the foreign field, the personal autocracy he has achieved in Bonn politics, the arbitrary powers he wields in the administration and the sinister methods he adopts in dealing with opponents have closed the parliamentary pipe through which the weak democratic spirit could have drawn into its lungs the breath of freedom. What stifles any active democracy in West Germany is not merely the restoration of the old forces throughout the Establishment, but the humiliations to which a free parliament and a free press have been subjected by a politician as unscrupulous as Bismarck but without Bismarck's greatness.

I do not, however, believe that this means we must face the risk of a Nazi revival. What we see in the Bundesrepublik today is not a repetition of the Weimar Republic but a restoration of pre-1914 conservatism – without the Kaiser. And what could be drearier than that? Wilhelm II's Reich had its parliamentarians, its free press and its minority of eager, struggling democrats. Adenauer's Bundesrepublik is no less – and no more – free than that. Fortunately it is a good deal less powerful, and will remain so unless its military strength is revived by madmen in Washington and London.

R. H. S. Crossman.

Voices from South Africa

The following is taken from a letter recently sent to the press:

"THE DEFENCE AND AID FUND established by Christian Action has played a magnificent part in the task of relieving the hardship inflicted upon a growing number of people by acts of the present government in South Africa.

The Treason Trials drag on interminably. We do not know what we would have done without the most generous support of men and women in Britain.

Unhappily, indications are that the need for that support will grow, not diminish, as time goes on.

We seem in South Africa to be living through a period in which our rulers tend more and more to regard opposition to apartheid as treasonable. More and more people are being charged with offences of an anti-apartheid nature; they are being charged more hastily, and punished more heavily. The need for adequate legal defence will therefore be even greater in the future than it is today.

African women are now compelled to carry passes, euphemistically termed 'reference books'. Many South Africans fear that African women will now be liable to an evil which has for so long afflicted African men, namely to be stopped in the streets, and to be hauled off to police stations, sometimes to be absent for many days. This is bad enough for men, but it is much more to be feared for wives and mothers.

The operation of the apartheid laws creates almost daily new demands for the relief and rehabilitation of its growing number of victims; demands that cannot, in the name of ordinary humanity, be denied.

For these reasons we call upon your readers to support the Defence and Aid Fund.

Yours faithfully,

Joost Capetown, Ambrose Johannesburg, A. J. Lutuli, G. M. Naiker, Alan Paton, Leslie Rubin"

Now the voice of one of the victims of the Treason Trial — an *African mother* from Cape Town, released as a result of the Defence made possible by the Defence and Aid Fund:

"I wish you to be in good health this year; I am still alive though my health is in bad condition since I came back from the Treason Trial.

I am very worried about the cry of the children of South Africa. Also the Reference Book has oppressed both men and women; even the children over 16 years of age carry these Reference Books. We wish to make peace between White and Non-white.

This letter is written by a woman who is poor; in 1956 I was given deportation and I was separated from my husband and children; during the same year I tried by all means to come back and be with my family again. Late in year 1956 I was arrested for High Treason; now my house is just upside down because of the Government.

I pass this wish to you and to all men and women in England, of whom I am asking for help."

HELEN JOSEPHS (another victim of the Treason Trial, one of the 30 now at present being tried) speaks:

"We are always conscious of how much we owe to our loyal friends both here and overseas. It is so wonderful to realise that five thousand miles away, there are people who are determined that we shall not only have the best defence in the land (and that we certainly have) but that help will be given to the accused for themselves and their families.

It is not easy to put into words what this means to us, to each one of us; for myself I know that the Defence Fund has given to me a Defence which is far beyond anything which we could have provided ourselves; indeed it is clear that we could not have sustained a trial of any length, even an ordinary trial, not to speak of such a trial as this of more than three years' duration. And my friends, my fellow accused and their families, have been saved from indescribable hardship. I wish that you could have heard Advocate Maisels' magnificent survey of the discriminatory legislation of South Africa during his cross examination of Professor Murray; it was stupendous and a deadly indictment in itself. I sometimes wonder how the Crown can even bear to hear these things said – or the Judges.

There are really no words in which to convey our gratitude and appreciation to you and all the other generous friends. All I can say is a simple 'Thank you'."

But the loudest appeal of all is the silent voice of the child of one of the accused in the Treason Trial who died recently – the diagnosis was malnutrition.

We, on behalf of all the Sponsors of the Defence and Aid Fund, beg you with all our hearts to respond to these appeals.

JAMES CALLAGHAN · L. JOHN COLLINS · MICHAEL FOOT · JO GRIMOND
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The Secretary,

DEFENCE and AID FUND

2, Amen Court, London, E.C.4

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

As an Elvis Presley fan I was disgusted with some of the remarks about him by one of the panel in 'Challenge'. These boys are too young and have insufficient qualification to state their views about such great stars as Elvis. I'm sure that many feel that there ought to be a panel of older people to discuss such things as childbirth and the work of disc jockeys.—Letter in *TV Weekly*. (R. N. Rees.)

The Queens keeps as close a housewifely eye on her 600 rooms as the average woman does on her five or six.—*Daily Mail*. (P. M. Gomm.)

One civil service typist who took speech lessons at the City Literary Institute was so timid she would hardly open her mouth to say 'yes' and 'no'. But she gradually gained confidence and went on to join the drama class. Soon afterwards she started wearing black stockings and brass earrings. She left her job and went to work in a Left-wing bookshop. And she developed a strong German accent.—*John Bull*. (Nicholas Tomalin.)

My long-haired Dachshund was recently worried by two large Labrador-type dogs in the park. When I asked their master to keep his dogs under control, he replied: 'These are English dogs and this is an English park. If your foreign dog doesn't want to play with them, that's too bad.'—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (M. Koch.)

The Restoration

'For us Jews the vast publicity given to a few swastika-smearers is a little embarrassing. We know it is well intentioned. But, oh dear, if only people would concern themselves with the evils at the centre instead of advertising the lunatic fringe!'

The man who said this to me last week is one of the outstanding Jews of the Bundesrepublik. The German Jewish community, he had just told me, now consists of 30,000 men, women and children, more than half of them entirely dependent on compensation from the Bonn government; no fewer than 6,000 are returnees who failed in Israel and have discovered that Germany is, after all, their home. This remnant of what was once the proudest and most westernised Jewish community in Europe plays no significant part in German life. Most of the boys and girls in the Bundesrepublik do not know what a Jew is and they have learnt all they know about the Jewish problem from remarks dropped at home by their parents, of whom the vast majority have a bad conscience and a guilty desire to bury their Nazi past. Racialism has been successfully discarded – as is shown by the affection lavished on the 30,000 illegitimate children left behind by American soldiers – many of them coloured. But, even though there are no German Jews to hate, the anti-Semitic tradition is still strong – if suppressed. A recent poll showed 22 per cent of active anti-Semites and 40 per cent ominously refusing to answer the question.

Nevertheless, we agreed that the neo-Nazis and Fascist groups, including the Deutsche Reichspartei, are not much stronger than their opposite numbers in this country; and the shocked hostility of public opinion in all classes is very encouraging. Though they may have been Nazis 15 years ago, the parents are appalled by the idea of a Nazi revival ('which could damage us so badly in the eyes of world opinion'), while most of the younger generation are actively and positively anti-Fascist. No, if anti-Semitism were all there was to worry about in West Germany, this report on the health of German democracy could be very short and very encouraging. Unfortunately, however, racialism was only one aspect of German Fascism.

I started by taking a look at the school system. And, since each *Land* has its own education and its own schoolbooks, I chose Nordrhein-Westfalen, the largest and most important of them, spending three days talking to politicians, trade unionists and teachers, as well as taking the top class of a Gymnasium for an hour's history lesson. Everywhere I found encouraging good will and frankness – combined with a mood of liberal-minded resignation. 'After all, you can't compel teachers to deal with current affairs and recent history,' I was told by the Kulturminister in Dusseldorf. 'Two-thirds of my teachers were active before 1945 and therefore more or less nazified. They tend to agree with the parents that the past should be buried. And, if the children *have* been given some new democratic ideas at school, there is often a row at home, which does not make the ardent young teacher popular with the elderly and cautious school director!'

The Minister confirmed what I had elsewhere learnt, that the present teenagers are not indifferent to politics. Faced with a choice of four essays for their leaving exam, many of them this year had chosen the theme of the democrat's right to resist dictatorship by force. Many of the post-war teachers too would like more work on civics and current affairs and accepted the criticism that modern history should not stop, as it usually does, at the battle of Verdun. It was generally agreed that teachers' refresher courses and adult education were the two prerequisites for removing repressed Nazi prejudices.

But why on earth should there be so many Nazis in the teaching profession and education administration? The answer to this question takes us outside the school system to the notorious Law 131. When the allied occupation ended, one of the first acts of the Bundestag in Bonn was to rescind the allied decree under which only those who had been denazified were allowed to serve in the civil service or to receive pensions. Apart from ardent Nazis, Law 131 reinstated all *Beamten* and restored the pension rights of everyone eligible in 1945. As a result, tens of thousands of Nazi teachers, judges and civil servants first got their pensions back and then, owing to the shortage of manpower, resumed their jobs as well. This law also restored some war pensions, but they were limited to professional soldiers in service before 1935, thus providing for the officers' corps and the Reichwehr. Law 131, which costs 15,000 million marks annually in pensions alone, has been called, not unfairly, the basis of the West German 'Restoration'.

In the eastern zone, the Communists did things differently. By refusing to pay any pensions at all, they forced the Nazi civil servant and officer out of state service and made him earn his living elsewhere. After this, some of them were brainwashed and taken back – but only on the government's savage terms of unconditional ideological surrender. In West Germany, on the other hand, their service as Nazi officials was recognised and rewarded and they came back to work on their own terms.

I discussed Law 131 with three prominent Social Democrats in the Bundestag. They explained to me that Dr Schumacher had insisted on voting for it – for three reasons. First, it was important to show that this time the Social Democrats were national-minded and, in particular, not opposed to the professional soldiers. Secondly, something had to be done for the eastern refugees, a large number of whom were destitute teachers and officials. Without re-employment or pensions, they would starve. Thirdly, since at least 40 per cent of the electorate were active Nazis, it was important to win their votes by supporting what was undoubtedly a popular measure. I remarked that, though the arguments were tempting, the damage done to democracy by this strengthening of Nazism was appalling. Disconcertingly, I got the reply: 'If we had a second chance, we would do it all over again. After all, in a democracy you've got to be concerned with the voter.'

True enough, the East German Communists, who believed in social revolution and who did not have to bother about votes, had an easy decision. They could, and they did, systematically destroy the capitalist social structure in which Nazism flourished. Then they replaced it with a new total state, in which the austerity, the discipline, the self-dedication and the cruelty of Prussia are all revived in Communist form and under Russian tutelage. But what could be done by the politicians in Bonn, who were instructed by the Anglo-Americans to deal with the Ruhr magnates – but without nationalising their concerns – and to crush Nazism – but without causing too much distress? The rule of the majority was bound to give the Nazis and ex-Nazis an absolute veto on laws directed against them. Furthermore, the western reluctance to penalise anyone unless his guilt had been demonstrated meant that the civil service, the judiciary and education would all be manned, at the middle level, by people with no belief in democracy.

But what about the key positions at the top – the Cabinet ministers, the heads of departments, the presidents of universities and the school directors? Could not these, at least, have been selected exclusively from staunch anti-Nazis? Of course they could have been, and the fact that they were not is due to the overwhelming personal power of one man. Whatever Dr Adenauer's services in the foreign field, the personal autocracy he has achieved in Bonn politics, the arbitrary powers he wields in the administration and the sinister methods he adopts in dealing with opponents have closed the parliamentary pipe through which the weak democratic spirit could have drawn into its lungs the breath of freedom. What stifles any active democracy in West Germany is not merely the restoration of the old forces throughout the Establishment, but the humiliations to which a free parliament and a free press have been subjected by a politician as unscrupulous as Bismarck but without Bismarck's greatness.

I do not, however, believe that this means we must face the risk of a Nazi revival. What we see in the Bundesrepublik today is not a repetition of the Weimar Republic but a restoration of pre-1914 conservatism – without the Kaiser. And what could be drearier than that? Wilhelm II's Reich had its parliamentarians, its free press and its minority of eager, struggling democrats. Adenauer's Bundesrepublik is no less – and no more – free than that. Fortunately it is a good deal less powerful, and will remain so unless its military strength is revived by madmen in Washington and London.

R. H. S. Crossman.

Voices from South Africa

The following is taken from a letter recently sent to the press:

"**THE DEFENCE AND AID FUND** established by Christian Action has played a magnificent part in the task of relieving the hardship inflicted upon a growing number of people by acts of the present government in South Africa.

The Treason Trials drag on interminably. We do not know what we would have done without the most generous support of men and women in Britain.

Unhappily, indications are that the need for that support will grow, not diminish, as time goes on.

We seem in South Africa to be living through a period in which our rulers tend more and more to regard opposition to apartheid as treasonable. More and more people are being charged with offences of an anti-apartheid nature; they are being charged more hastily, and punished more heavily. The need for adequate legal defence will therefore be even greater in the future than it is today.

African women are now compelled to carry passes, euphemistically termed 'reference books'. Many South Africans fear that African women will now be liable to an evil which has for so long afflicted African men, namely to be stopped in the streets, and to be hauled off to police stations, sometimes to be absent for many days. This is bad enough for men, but it is much more to be feared for wives and mothers.

The operation of the apartheid laws creates almost daily new demands for the relief and rehabilitation of its growing number of victims; demands that cannot, in the name of ordinary humanity, be denied.

For these reasons we call upon your readers to support the Defence and Aid Fund.

Yours faithfully,

Joost Capetown, Ambrose Johannesburg, A. J. Lutuli, G. M. Naiker, Alan Paton, Leslie Rubin"

Now the voice of one of the victims of the Treason Trial — an *African mother* from Cape Town, released as a result of the Defence made possible by the Defence and Aid Fund:

"I wish you to be in good health this year; I am still alive though my health is in bad condition since I came back from the Treason Trial.

I am very worried about the cry of the children of South Africa. Also the Reference Book has oppressed both men and women; even the children over 16 years of age carry these Reference Books. We wish to make peace between White and Non-white.

This letter is written by a woman who is poor; in 1956 I was given deportation and I was separated from my husband and children; during the same year I tried by all means to come back and be with my family again. Late in year 1956 I was arrested for High Treason; now my house is just upside down because of the Government.

I pass this wish to you and to all men and women in England, of whom I am asking for help."

HELEN JOSEPHS (another victim of the Treason Trial, one of the 30 now at present being tried) speaks:

"We are always conscious of how much we owe to our loyal friends both here and overseas. It is so vonderful to realise that five thousand miles away, there are people who are determined that we shall not only have the best defence in the land (and that we certainly have) but that help will be given to the accused for themselves and their families.

It is not easy to put into words what this means to us, to each one of us; for myself I know that the Defence Fund has given to me a Defence which is far beyond anything which we could have provided ourselves; indeed it is clear that we could not have sustained a trial of any length, even an ordinary trial, not to speak of such a trial as this of more than three years' duration. And my friends, my fellow accused and their families, have been saved from indescribable hardship. I wish that you could have heard Advocate Maisels' magnificent survey of the discriminatory legislation of South Africa during his cross examination of Professor Murray; it was stupendous and a deadly indictment in itself. I sometimes wonder how the Crown can even bear to hear these things said – or the Judges.

There are really no words in which to convey our gratitude and appreciation to you and all the other generous friends. All I can say is a simple 'Thank you'."

But the loudest appeal of all is the silent voice of the child of one of the accused in the Treason Trial who died recently – the diagnosis was malnutrition.

We, on behalf of all the Sponsors of the Defence and Aid Fund, beg you with all our hearts to respond to these appeals.

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Stranger than Fiction

By Our Moscow Correspondent

THE imminence of tests in the central Pacific with a powerful new rocket designed to undertake space flights to planets of the solar system lends additional weight to an article that appeared recently in *Vestnik Akademii Nauk*, the main journal of the USSR Academy of Sciences, by an expert writing under the name of Professor Petrovich. What emerges from the scientist's authoritative report on the latest conclusions that have been drawn from the data obtained by Soviet rockets is that manned flight does not represent the main or even a priority task for Russian scientists and engineers. In fact, one of the inferences to be drawn from Professor Petrovich's article is that, by the time it becomes safe for astronauts to be launched into space, automatic control will have been so highly perfected that there will be little left for them to do. Even at the present level of development of electronics and rocketry, the professor writes, there is no need to entrust to man the most critical and difficult manoeuvres. Great flight velocities and accelerations which call for instantaneous decisions, coupled with the impermissibility of mistakes and the imperfections of a human pilot, outrule manual control of the rocket. Science fiction's hero of space is in danger of becoming of less importance than a transistor battery.

However, other favourite features of science fiction are highly expedient, Petrovich writes, and it may be assumed that it is in these directions that Soviet rocketry is being aimed. One of them is the development of a heavy artificial satellite equipped with a powerful telescope, a permanent extra-territorial observatory capable of transmitting photographs to the earth. But although this would remove the restrictions, caused by the earth's atmosphere, on spectroscopic and other astronomic observation techniques, it would not solve the problem of observing those planets, in the first place Venus, which themselves possess an atmosphere. That is why Soviet rocket experts are primarily interested in establishing direct contact with the planets. And as this is one of those fields in which the machine will not wait for man, they are evidently developing their plans on the assumption that space flight will not for some time be complicated by being manned.

Petrovich, indeed, thinks that in the case of an earth-to-moon flight with a cushioned landing on the moon and return flight to the earth it would be expedient to automate fully the entire operation. The usefulness of sending an expedition to the moon would not be great enough to compensate for the complications caused by having to ensure its safety. In any case, no human agency would be required to touch off the space-ship's retro-rockets after it had automatically selected the most suitable landing place – probably on one of the moon's polar regions where the temperature variations are less than elsewhere. Nor would a guiding hand be required to cushion the landing, to move the space ship out of the crater of molten rock which the hot gases of its retro-rockets would have burned into the surface of the moon; to circumvent fissures and hollows and steep prominences as it collected rock samples and conducted its scientific researches; to store the fuel for its return flight underground – cooler there during the long lunar day – and, finally, to launch itself on its journey back to earth.

The Academy of Sciences journal lists a number of conditions to be satisfied before rocket flights – manned or unmanned – could become a practical proposition. One of these is the avoidance of the danger of collision with meteorites, and it would appear that the experiences of Sputnik III are proving very useful in this respect. It is now known, for instance, that on 15 May last year this satellite ran slap into a dense swarm of meteorites and that for several hours the number of impacts on its casing was over half a million times more than the average. Soviet scientists are gratified that after this test Sputnik III's instrument container remained intact. Apparently no other proofs were needed to demonstrate the efficacy of their measures to ensure the space-worthiness of the cosmic vehicle.

The Maggot King

DRIVE along the Thornton Road out of the black, booming city of Bradford, pass two cars smashed in Saturday night gaieties, climb the unmade roads to the moors and there, between Ilkley and the Brontë country lies Jerusalem Farm, one of the principal centres of an industry that has never had it so good: maggot breeding. The Fifties brought nothing but success; for the Sixties the policy is expansion. Across the moors, but lost in the mist and rain, stood Wuthering Heights, that citadel of wild, dark passions.

Because the number of British anglers has increased so enormously since the war, and because more and more of them are using maggots as bait, the industry is in a seller's market. All the two million or so people who at some time or another are liable to try their hand with the rod do not use maggots. Some object to them on aesthetic grounds; in some waters they are banned; and there are also what might be called moral objections – the maggot makes fishing too easy. ('It's not quite like using dynamite', one purist tells me, 'but of that order of bait'). But enough anglers want maggots, especially in the tough, competitive world of midland and northern mass-production fishing, to enable places like Jerusalem Farm to employ ten men and produce 20 million of these grubs every week. The industry, as you might imagine, is enough to turn your stomach.

Mine, I'm afraid, bilked at a thorough examination of the small, fly-room, the place where fat, blue-bottle flies in their thousands, fed on brown-sugar, laid their eggs on meat on trays suspended from the ceiling. The stench of maggot-infested carcases was overwhelming. But I saw enough to grasp the generative process. From the fly-room the maggots are taken in barrels to the room where they are fed, millions of them, in low baths rather like the kind you see in humbler sports pavilions. Their appetite is healthy. A million or so can eat a whole cow in two hours. The smell here, from this mass of white squirming bait, is powerfully of ammonia. Beef or horse-meat is not, however, their usual diet, Liver, it seems, produces the biggest and fattest and liveliest grub, the kind that anglers like. Not that their size depends only on their diet: the size of the fly is important, and the Mitchells who own Jerusalem Farm have bred a big fly in their 40 years in the industry.

Maggots are a clean grub. It seems that as early as the 16th century surgeons noted that wounds infected by maggots did not gangrene. I have memories, though, of the sucking noise they make when established in the body of a sheep and don't like them and could never handle one even long enough to hook it on to a fishing rod. But, as I say, they are clean and in another room at Jerusalem Farm you can see them purified even further in sawdust before being packed in cans for the consumer. They sell at 2s. 6d. a pint and a fisherman might easily use two pints in a hard day on the river. You can have them any colour you like, the colouring coming from dye in the feed. To see them neatly packed in their containers and to listen to a discussion of marketing problems brings back that old feeling that one is going mad; but, in fact, the marketing problems are considerable since the maggots are liable to become chrysalides in ten days and shortly afterwards become flies again. Refrigeration helps only a little.

Mr Norman Mitchell, who owns Jerusalem Farm and whose sons are in the business, has also overcome the difficulties presented by the seasonal nature of the industry. Because demand falls off in winter some maggot-breeders have a hard time for a few months. His solution is to make pet food and to slaughter horses. In one shed two dead horses were being dismembered. In a field, huge old horses walked slowly about waiting to be humanely killed.

The man from whom Mr Mitchell bought the business in 1920 was, I gathered, an original spirit, one of the industry's pioneers and was known as the Maggot King. Mr Mitchell has inherited the title. He told me that the founder believed passionately that the stench of the maggot room, the smell of ammonia, was a cure for consumption. Sufferers would come and sit and breathe. While not subscribing completely to this theory, Mr Mitchell claimed that his was a healthy life, that none of the family had ever been ill. Neither did their work turn their stomachs. Its only disadvantage was the smell of ammonia that hung about them, of which they could never quite rid their hands. Even the workers who, unlike the Mitchell family, had not been born into the trade, seemed genuinely cheerful about this curious job.

Now that few anglers breed their own maggots, the industry is bound to expand. Mr Mitchell argues that price to the consumer has only doubled since the war, while the cost of raw materials has at least quadrupled. A larger turnover and the development of ancillary industries has enabled him to maintain a reasonable profit-margin. The Maggot King and his family, however, live very modestly within half a mile of the small hollow in which the factory stands. They didn't seem to mind that I was nauseated by their trade and, of course, there was no reason at all why they should apologise for it. A demand exists for their products: they satisfy it. These flies and carcases and grubs make it simpler for thousands of men to enjoy their leisure. Jerusalem Farm is regularly inspected by the appropriate authorities and all its practices approved. High up there on the moors it doesn't, like some maggot farms in residential areas, disturb neighbours.

For all that, I can't say that my appetite was keen when we all sat down to an excellent lunch at the Mitchells' farmhouse.

W. JOHN MORGAN

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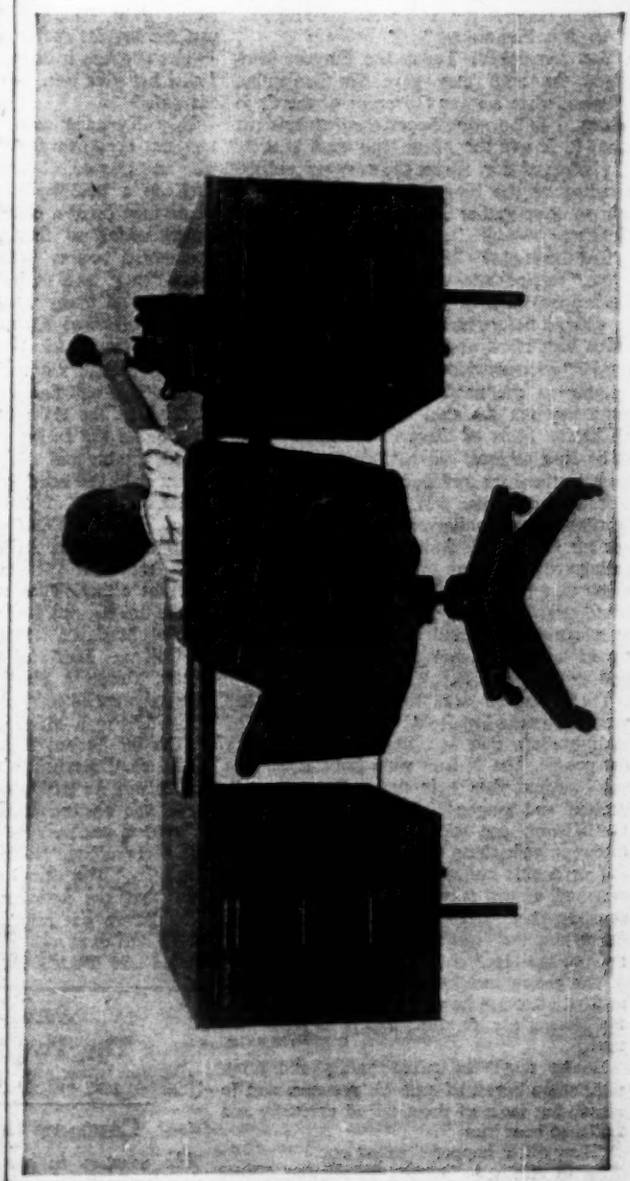


Headman Kwinana

SOMEWHERE deep in the mass-packed location people were singing *Sikelel' i Afrika*, an anthem the authorities might ban one day. The distant song made the headman pause on his threshold and listen and shiver.

'It is cold,' he told himself, 'and night is falling. Let them sing. I am not paid by the South African police.' He turned to open his door when a man called to him from the darkening street, 'Ha, Kwinana!' It was old Madala who lived nearby in Rabi Street. Kwinana knew him well and used him to spy on brewers of beer.

'You did not see me,' Madala complained, 'because there is no light here. See how bright it is in the white man's town! Why must we live in darkness? You are headman, tell me.'

'I cannot tell,' replied Kwinana and went into his house. His wife greeted him querulously.

'You are late. Your food is waiting.'

'I've worked hard and I'm tired. All day I've been between the Xosas and the Fingoes.'

'Ah, it is Fingo day?"

'You remember? Today the Fingoes celebrated the help they gave Sir Benjamine D'Urban when he was Governor of the Cape Colony. The Location Superintendent told me about it. It was the Xosas who were hurt by that help and they resent the swagger and the parading of the Fingoes with grass in their hair so they gather and threaten with their sticks.'

'Did they fight?'

'No,' replied Kwinana and ate with relish the heaped bowl of boiled beans and maize his wife set before him. When she had brought coffee hot, black and bitter, he heard voices outside, excited voices of men and women running in the narrow street. Their words came through the thin corrugated walls of his house. Most of them meant nothing but as he rose to look out he heard 'Fire!' and leapt to the door and flung it open.

It seemed to him that all the Bantu in the location were running past. He turned, grabbed his knobkerrie and sticks and joined the racing crowd. He ran too for, as headman, he knew that excitement had to be watched. It could seize people at a fire as at a beer drink or a cattle racing and blood might flow. He would have to answer to the Superintendent and to the police Post Commander.

There was no need to ask where the fire was. It was the little two-roomed shack of old man Madala that was blazing and drawing the people. The 20-foot wide Rabi Street was soon packed tight with them. They shouted, pushed and laughed, trying to get closer to the warmth and to be in the light the fire threw on everything around it. When a rafter fell or a side collapsed a great appreciative murmur, almost a cheer, rose from the mob showing their pleasure in the new burst of flame and the sparks that glittered and shot up into the black sky.

The people took no notice of the headman at first, although he was a big, powerful man. He did not use his sticks except to press men back.

'Make way!' he called loudly and often until some began to note his presence and to move, but most of them talked excitedly and failed to hear him.

'How did it happen?' asked one.

'Who can say?' came the answer. 'Some say this and others that. What matter? It happened.'

'I hear his lodgers upset the oil stove.'

'Lodgers? No, just night birds and often drunk.'

'A householder may not harbour night birds,' said another; 'here is Kwinana. He will tell you it is against the law to give lodgings to those who come and go. Is it not so, headman?'

'Make way,' shouted Kwinana. 'There is too much talk!'

There was no wind. Without doubt that saved the nearby houses, though they were scorched and the owners and occupiers terrified, for the shacks were so close together they say a man sleeps with his neighbour's feet in his face.

Kwinana struggled and those whose property was in danger fought with him to get to the water, a small standpipe at the corner of the block. It was a hard fight because the crowd milled about like kraaled cattle that have smelt something strange and are afraid. All the time the talk went on.

'Perhaps it will burn the other houses too. It is very near and very hot.'

'It is near and hot and light. One can see everything. Look! There is the beer queen, Maria Mvo, standing in her doorway. One can see her fat shake as she laughs.'

'Her shebeen is doing well and she is kind. I saw her give beer just now to Madala and his wife.'

Now Kwinana used his sticks a little. He was not headman for nothing. People heard him and obeyed.

'Keep a lane open,' he commanded. He made men form a chain to pass buckets and drums along so that they could keep the threatened houses wet. The people cheered when they saw the chain working and presently so many wanted to help that confusion arose and Kwinana had to step in to make a second chain for the empties.

Soon Madala's house fell, a tangle of hot, twisted iron and flaming timber. Some people shouted at the sight but many groaned for they could see useful things being destroyed, a bed, a table and two chairs – all alight and writhing in the heat. Suddenly folk heard the shrieking siren of a fire engine coming at speed. It came from the white town, there being no depot in the location. A great water tank came with it because there was no hydrant either. That was a powerful pump of the fire engine! Its jet flattened all that was left of Madala's house. The fire was killed and all was dark and cold again.

'Hi, kwedins! Sitole! Ndi! Come here!' Kwinana called to two ragged Bantu urchins; 'Take old man Madala to Mrs Peters' house in Dlodlo Street. Tell her to look after him and I shall see her in the morning.' The old man's wife he took away to lodge somewhere near. She was too weak to walk far.

Madala was hurt but he managed to hobble. He kept wailing, 'Nothing now, nothing, nothing . . . ' The things he had saved were so few that the kwedins carried them easily. Mrs Peters put him in a completely empty room and went away. The boys put the things inside and Madala lay down on the floor at once, exhausted, not even shutting the door. This the boys noticed and crept back in too because it was good to lie under a roof and on wood.

They slept well until Sitole was wakened by a noise and roused the other.

'Listen,' he whispered, 'It is a police raid. They are very near. We must go.'

'And he?' asked Ndi pointing to Madala.

'He is old. Perhaps they will not take him but if they catch us we shall get the cane. Come.' But they found the door locked now.

'We shall be caught,' whispered Ndi.

'No!' Sitole cursed him, 'No! Break the iron. I'll show you how.' He made Ndi grip the floor plate with him. They put their feet against the corrugated iron of the unlined wall, all four feet on one sheet. Then Sitole sang a work song, very softly.

'*Beza! Beza, l'intsimbi! Beza!*'

'Move! Move, the iron! Move!' and they heaved in unison at each '*Beza!*' Three times Sitole sang the song and the sheet tore away from the floor plate. They squeezed through, stole away and doubled back until they could see the street. Torches moved about, police hammered at doors demanding admittance. The pick-up vans followed slowly and now and then their doors opened for a man or woman who was often thrown in roughly. When the raid reached Mrs Peters' house, Madala was brought out and put in.

'That is bad,' said Sitole, 'Kwinana said the old man was to be looked after.'

'Why did they take him?' asked Ndi. 'He is a householder.'

'Yesterday he was a householder but now he is a lodger and is without a lodger's permit.'

'Ewé, that is so.'

'We must tell Kwinana. Let us go.'

They dodged among the shacks and through lanes to avoid the police until they came to Kwinana's house and told him. The head man got up immediately although it was not yet sunrise and went to the Post Commander's office which overlooks the location from a height. There he waited. When, two hours later, the great man came he was angry. His words showed he felt that the work he'd just done was wasted effort.

'There are between 4,000 and 5,000 natives living in this location illegally,' he said bitterly; 'We picked up 150 this morning. The vans were full. It will take us more than a day to get all the particulars down in writing. The magistrates will take two days to dispose of the cases. They will be fined or gaoled and afterwards be sent back to the reserves, the Transkei, the Ciskei or wherever they came from. And then? They will be here again with others in a month or so later. How can I clean up the location at this rate, Kwinana? You are headman, tell me.' He spoke as if he genuinely wanted advice.

Kwinana almost laughed at him. Almost, but it would have been madness. As he shook his head slowly his thoughts were these, 'The waters are pouring over the top of the dam. He puts his finger into the hole he sees, a tiny hole, as he has been ordered to do but he knows he cannot stop the flood.' What he said was: 'The police are strong, my Baas, and you white people can do anything. How can I say what you should do? I came only to ask you to release the old man, Madala.'

'Madala? Why.'

'His house was burnt down last night. He was hurt in the fire so I sent him to Mrs Peters and that is why he had no lodger's permit.'

'I have a mark against him,' the Commander was looking at his book; 'He harbours illegal entrants.'

NEXT WEEK

The Two Germanies

A judgment by R. H. S. CROSSMAN, MP

Cartoon Competition

The winners in our £250 Cartoon Competition will be announced in our issue of 13 February.

'Yes, that is so. I put them there because you ordered me to watch Maria Mvo's house for the selling of illicit beer and Madala lived near her.'

'Ah, I see. But why did you use men who should not have been in the location at all?'

'Because only strangers will spy. All others are friendly towards the women who brew.'

'H'm. The men saw nothing?'

'So they reported.'

'You did not work very cunningly, Kwinana. You must choose Fingoes to spy on Xosas, Tembus to spy on Pondoes and so on. But I shall release Madala.'

Outside Kwinana was hailed by the kwedins, Sitole and Ndi.

'Maria Mvo has sent us to say she will pay Madala's fine.' He nodded acknowledgment and went at once to the beer queen's house.

'There is no need to pay a fine,' he told her; 'Madala will be released. Pay instead for his lodging last night.'

'I shall pay,' said Maria.

'Why? What makes you want to help Madala?"

'Must I tell you everything? We are bucks in the same snare. He lost all he had in that fire. I, too, lost something.'

'You?'

'Yes, it was my house. I bought it from him last week for £25.'

'And why did he sell his house?'

'Because his son asked for money to buy a plough. Madala was to have paid me five shillings a week as rent.'

'That is not a high rent,' mused Kwinana; 'Many men pay three times as much. What makes you so kind to Madala?'

'His lodgers paid him five shillings a week for sleeping space on the floor. They paid gladly because they had no lodgers' permits nor permits to seek work here being just night birds.'

'So the house you bought is gone. And the money?'

'That his son spent in the Transkei. I still have my beer but Madala has nothing, no money and no customers for me. What can be done, Kwinana? You are headman, tell me'.

'I can do nothing to help.'

'Aw, Kwinana! Will you drink some of my beer?'

'No. When next you are in court one thing you swear must be true, namely that you could not bribe the headman. Moreover, I must be able to say that I have never seen beer in your house.'

'Huh! That will be true but they will fine me just the same and I shall pay as usual.'

'I know. How can I help Madala?'

'Your daughter will marry soon, Kwinana.'

'Yes, the young man has spoken to me but he is a Christian and therefore will not pay the bride price.'

'But he can pay rent and he will need a house.'

'Of course, but that will not help Madala.'

'It will if we do it this way, Kwinana. Let us put up the money between us and rebuild that house but with one more room, two for your son-in-law and the new one for Madala and your spies.'

'Ai, ai!' Kwinana exclaimed and frowned a little at the daring of this woman; but he could not conceal his admiration for her business ability. 'You are clever, Maria. I think . . . yes, I think I shall ask the Superintendent for a permit to rebuild this house.'

'Yaw! The eagle is already snared. I have friends in his office and I have got the permit.'

JAN ELS

The Arts and Entertainment

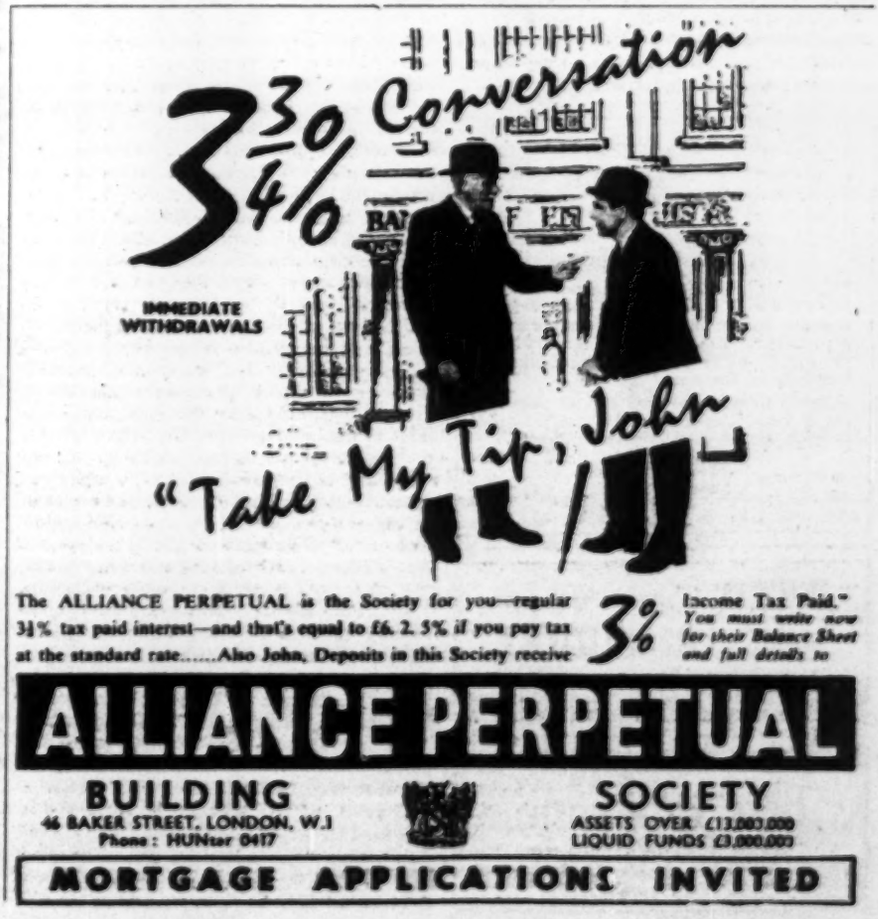
Wanted – A Language

FOR the first and last acts of *A Moon for the Misbegotten* (Arts) one sits there with a kind of pleasurable relief. So much theatre-going involves the dreary spectacle of the stumbling, the hackneyed, the stilted, the inarticulate which is somehow excused by the mystique of the Theatre. Bad art, half-baked art, art at eighth hand, or plainly non-existent art, regularly gets itself staged because once those clichés meant something, once the form involved genuine cultural values and intelligence. It is rather like the way the nitwit sons of the famous live off their old dads' reputations. Far back, somewhere behind all the West End trash, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson turn guiltily in their graves.

But the beginning and the end of Eugene O'Neill's play are the real thing. Colin Blakely and Margaret Whiting, as Phil and Josie Hogan, a tough Irish-American farmer and his even tougher daughter, talk real dialogue, funny, serious, passionate with the energy of real dramatic life; and they grow and deepen before us with real dramatic power. Clifford Williams's direction keeps the action moving fast: working together, the father and daughter make a fool of a wealthy neighbour; working against each other, the daughter is gradually drawn into a plot to compromise their landlord, with whom she is in love. Inevitably it fizzles out in tragedy. But before it does so, Colin Blakely has built up a wonderful impression of an old man's bullying, protective but utterly dependent tenderness for his daughter; and Margaret Whiting, although giving away about six inches and as many stone to the heroine O'Neill described, has superbly mingled sensitivity and cumbersomeness as a girl continually forced by some trick of stature to be a mother-figure to her men instead of a mistress or a daughter.

But *A Moon for the Misbegotten* is a play without a centre; or rather, at its centre is a cliché, James Tyrone Jnr, a failed actor with the father and mother of all father and mother complexes. James loves Josie and she loves him, but he can't marry her because he is riddled with guilt and self-pity and prohibition booze. It takes him an interminable middle act to stammer out his troubles; at the end of it one was braced for heaven knows what infamy. Yet his only crime was to sleep with a tart on a trans-continental train while his old mum's coffin was in the guard's van. It seemed a small, tired rabbit for O'Neill to bring out of the hat after such elaborate passes. But this strange innocence is typical of the play. Perhaps the oddest thing about it is that, although it is set in 1923, it was written in 1942. By that time one would have supposed everyone to have known enough about psychology for the textbook clichés to be no longer enough. Apparently not. So O'Neill centred a potentially excellent play around a piece of Freudian-Irish ham that might have embarrassed even Hollywood.

I suspect Michael Aldridge didn't help



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matters by playing James Tyrone almost as a grotesque: a great, disorganized alcoholic doll, with jerky movements and an occasional Pagliacci smile. But the basic fault is that in this play O'Neill, like Dreiser, simply does not command the language of tragedy. The subtlety, the wit, the vitality are all in the Irish-American setting, which he does marvellously. The tragedy, however, is kept apart. It has nothing to do with the world in which it happens, or with the world's impersonal pressures and responsibilities; instead, it is simply an inner helplessness, something the hero can blame his father for. The result is that the tragedy seems much less important and convincing than the comic but human give-and-take that sets it off. *A Moon for the Misbegotten* should be seen, but it is a splendid failure.

Harold Pinter is also a playwright without a language, but deliberately so. Both *The Room* and *The Dumb Waiter* (Hampstead Theatre Club) are about the impossibility of communication. In *The Room* a married couple sit cosily together over their evening meal; the wife is having a lively conversation, cajoling, complaining, encouraging, sympathising and politely answering; and all the time her husband is silent as stone. All through the play people come and go without ever properly meeting or understanding each other. The only person who can get anything across to the wife is a blind Negro intruder; her husband kills him. It is much the same in *The Dumb Waiter*: two odd little cockney killers try to pass the time while waiting to do a job (in Pinter's plays, everyone is always obsessively asking the time). And gradually the killers themselves are victimised by inconsequentiality. The blankness through which they hopelessly peer is so total that, much of the time, it is extremely funny. But out of this nothingness, these queer silences and comic misunderstandings, Pinter generates terror. As in a dream, the logical unreason leads to violence and horror.

In a way it is the reverse of O'Neill; Pinter seems to write out of an obsession with the murderous size and indifference of mass society. So it is an achievement despite language, something that happens in the silences between the lines. As such it demands a great deal of the actors and director; they need resources of silent implication that, luckily, Vivien Merchant, Nicholas Selby and George Tovey can provide, though the author's direction of *The Room* was far too slow-paced. At the moment, Pinter seems less concerned with imaginative statements than with an unchanging state of mind, a kind of artistic hypnosis like the rhythm of *Hiawatha*. It will be interesting to see if anything less specialised will come out of it.

Look Who's Here (Fortune) is intimate revue in its least intimate form: no theatrical bitch, no politics, just amiable jokes about the upper-middle ethos which Barbara Young, Anna Quayle and Tony Tanner put over with wit and gusto. The rest of the company maintains a suitable level of Bright young *Dinglichkeit* to make this pleasant after-dinner entertainment. But make sure it's a good dinner.

A. ALVAREZ

The Higher They Climb

LOOKING resolutely forward, the *BBC Handbook* for 1960, published this week (6s.), reaffirms the BBC's claim to the third television network (' . . . a planned alternative service, in the interests of the viewing public . . .'), and illustrates its readiness to run it with pictures of the new Television Centre, to be opened in a few month's time – which would presumably not have been designed on so vast a scale during and after the war if it had not then been assumed that any extra service or services would go automatically to the BBC. (One picture shows John Piper working on an abstract mosaic mural, 26 ft by 16 ft, for the entrance-hall.)

There is, of course, *a* case, and a strong one, for accepting the claim, and there will be people on both sides of Parliament to press it when the future pattern of British television comes at last to be settled. The BBC, however, can sometimes be almost as embarrassing to its friends and supporters as ITV can, which is saying quite a lot. On the very day on which some of the papers reviewed the *Handbook*, and quoted the claim, almost all the critics unanimously condemned *Philip Marlowe* – a new American film series whose first instalment exploited the addiction to violence of the late Raymond Chandler's 'private eye' without conveying anything of his redeeming charm or of Chandler's subliminal scholarship. The BBC obviously felt proud of having acquired this series: the whole middle column of 'Highlights of the Week' in the *Radio Times* is devoted to it, and it was broadcast at a peak hour on Monday – between *This is Your Life* and *Panorama*, and in competition with the Beverley Sisters on ITV (a fresh and innocent enough trio, heaven knows, even when supported, as on this occasion, by the more enigmatic Adam Faith). This seems, in short, exemplary fulfilment of the original croakers' warning – that the BBC, in the desperate battle of the ratings, would be forced to lower its standards. Insofar as the statistical gains recently reported here are due to this kind of concession (which I don't think they mainly are), the cost per pair of goggling eyes may be too high. *Philip Marlowe* should have been left to ITV; better, left in the US.

On the other hand, the BBC never lets you down all the time. Sunday night's production of *Man and Superman* soon overcame my prejudice against TV adaptations of stage-plays: Eric Crozier is an extraordinarily skilful adapter and, apart from the customary omission of the Hell scene, he had discreetly streamlined the text so that the play's wonderful bone-structure carried in perfect proportion the spare flesh of the Nietzschean moralising and the radiant glow of the wit – some of the lines sparkled so effervescently that Wilde rather than Shaw might have written them. Perhaps this is, as many people think, Shaw's finest comedy: wit excites a higher response than broad humour, yet *Man and Superman* is richly comic as well as witty, and John Southworth, James Donald and Barbara Murray – invidious as it is to name only three of a uniformly excellent cast – played it, under Harold Clayton's direction, for full-throated laughs. This is not easy when there is no studio audience: as with cinema films there is a delicate problem of timing – if there's an obvious place for a laugh, do you risk inaudibility for the next line, or risk a pause for a laugh that may not come? On Sunday evening every line must have been heard; yet in many a parlour, by many a Darby-and-Joan fireside, there must also have been the unusual sound of uproarious mirth.

The higher they climb . . . A home-grown BBC series, *A Life of Bliss* (transferred to TV from sound-radio), is less obviously a menace to civilisation than *Philip Marlowe*, but is bathetic in a nauseatingly cosy way. In a two-dimensional suburban household a 'shy young bachelor' (neither shy-looking nor very young) is the centre of a nexus of banality woven round a simple joke – that he is always saying the wrong thing. There are other jokes, too, dear old familiar English jokes: if a husband pays his wife a compliment, she wonders 'what he's been up to'. The dialogue crawls leadenly along, like a lost snail. I hope it stops dead.

On the whole, however, the worst of all current series seems to me to be ITV's *Crooked Path*. Again, there is often an excessive, gloating exploitation of violence – and, as in *The Invisible Man* (that grossest of insults to the memory of H. G. Wells), there is a tendency to pack what is supposed to be an ordinary thriller with cold-war propaganda. MPs who are complaining about this aspect of *The Invisible Man* should watch *Crooked Path* also, if they can bear to. The cold-war theme does not always come in, but in last week's episode (*Diplomatic Error*, not the one advertised in *TV Times*) a diplomat becomes an unwitting spy because his wife's old mother is behind the Iron Curtain – and, as the Red master-agent warns her, 'They're going to send all the old people to rest-camps, and you know what *that* means . . . In a few months you will not be able to get any more news of her, even through me.' This sort of thing is even more poisonous than a lying commercial.

TOM DRIBERG

Recently published plays include Jean Anouilh's *Traveller without Baggage* (Methuen, 10s 6d), Noel Coward's *Look After Lulu* (Heinemann, 12s 6d) and Michael Redgrave's version of *The Aspern Papers* Heinemann, 12s 6d). *Plays of the Year 1958-59*, selected by J. C. Trewin (Elek, 18s) contains *The Grass is Greener* by Hugh and Margaret Williams, Miles Malleson's adaptation of *The Imaginary Invalid*, *The Splendid Outcasts* by Rosemary Anne Sisson, and Frederick Lonsdale's *Let Them Eat Cake*.

Winter number just out

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Horrible—Most Horrible!

To the Cameo-Royal, where Bergman's *Port of Call* had been running under the banner 'A Very Nasty Masterpiece', comes Georges Franju's *Eyes Without a Face*. He is, you remember, or was, the brilliant documentarist of *Le Sang des Bêtes* and *Hôtel des Invalides*. This horror film – for such it is – might have been expected to mask uncommon virtues.

If so, disillusion is in store. *Eyes Without a Face* could not (one would swear on the evidence of this one film) have been made by anyone of Franju's talent, or indeed possessed of average discrimination or humour. It starts, effectively enough, with Alida Valli in a black mackintosh, dumping the body of a girl in the river. Then we learn that the dead girl has provided a face for a surgeon's daughter disfigured in a car accident: he drove the car, so must provide the face. This new sort of face-lifting isn't exactly convincing. (But then what is Pierre Brasseur doing in such a part?) This dubious surgeon doesn't hesitate to advertise old-world allegiances: as you approach the vast, tree-shrouded mansion, you are greeted by the wild baying of hounds confined to the cellar. He never smiles, spending much time travelling up and down staircases from basement to attic. There's only himself, his girl-snatcher, and his disfigured daughter. They don't eat, go to bed, read the papers, or indeed do anything except this business of a new face. It's grafted on. We see this. It goes rotten. We see this too, in stages. Then another girl has to be picked up, and so on; but by this time the film, which in its unpleasantness is very unpleasant indeed, provides its own antidote of laughter – unconscious, of course. *Eyes Without a Face* is, in fact, not only some miles short of Clouzot, but inferior to Hammer. How can a talented artist have fallen so low? Looking back, I can see that *Le Sang des Bêtes*, that austere if horrifying poem of an abattoir, might contain the seeds of degeneration. But that Franju should have sunk to this depth still bewilders as much as it appals me.

A real villain, in the shape of Al Capone, re-emerges once more in *The Scarface Mob* (Regal, Harrow Road). Neville Brand gives a far more convincing performance than did Rod Steiger some months back, and for much of the film a news-reel actuality is aimed at. This, I am convinced, is the only way to tackle an old blown legend. The special police are rather tenderly handled. Still I would give this film a recommendation.

Jules Verne has become, quite rightly, treasure trove I don't object to the sort of changes wrought upon *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (Carlton): with a story that sends its expedition down an Iceland fissure to the earth's centre and whistles them up, alive and kicking, out of Stromboli, one is obviously justified in any kind of manipulation. The Professor's Scottish origin is only questionable because of its bother with accents and its horrible picture of old-world Edinburgh, all pipes (from the recent Coronation), and Auld-lang-syneing and My-love-is-like-a-red-red-rose. The adventure itself is fun, monster lizards, mushroom groves, an ocean where at the gravity centre metal flies in all directions; and under Henry Levin's direction it has been treated as fun, with James Mason, Pat Boone, and Arlene Dahl winning us round, and best of all the unflappable pet duck, ill-fated as it turns out. More Victorian SF, please!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Gramophone Records

I bow before the greatness of some of his works - but I do not *love* Beethoven. In him, I love the middle period, at times the first, but I fundamentally detest the last, especially the last Quartets. Here there are glimmers but nothing more. The rest is chaos over which, surrounded by an impenetrable fog, hovers the spirit of this musical Jehovah . . . Handel has for me an entirely fourth-rate significance and he is not even entertaining. I *like* certain things of Haydn . . .

Who wrote this? Tchaikovsky. Were his views based on possibly inadequate performances of works like Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* or are they directed squarely at the nature of classical composition?

I was thinking of this statement while comparing three recordings of the *Missa Solemnis* Op. 123 and shuttling to and fro from one version to another, realising how different the same music can be in different performances. A new recording has been brought out by Columbia (33 CX 1634-5 Mono) with Herbert von Karajan conducting a distinguished cast of soloists, the Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde and the Philharmonia Orchestra. There is an RCA issue of Toscanini and the NBC with the Robert Shaw Chorale, made in 1953 (RB 16133-4); and Klemperer's performance (Vox PL 11.430) with the Akademiechor and Vienna Symphony Orchestra, which was also made some years ago. The Klemperer version has the material advantage of being contained on a single disc with a playing time of 72 minutes!

Let it be said at once that Toscanini leaves his rivals standing at the post, both literally and figuratively. His *tempi* are always fast, possibly too fast for comfortable choral singing in complex passages, and there are points at which beauty of sound is sacrificed. Yet the music is all there and speaks. Karajan's conception differs in that it is primarily vocal. He selects *tempi* which are slow enough to allow his first-rate chorus and soloists to dwell on details and avoid any scrambling. The drawback of this interpretation is a certain rhythmic sluggishness, and in this performance a great deal of independent orchestral material is barely audible.

I do not think that the Klemperer record shows him at his best. His chorus and soloists do not bear comparison with the two others and the sound is dull. The performance itself is straightforward, giving the impression that the music is allowed to play itself without the advantage or disadvantage of any particular interpretative ideas. The form is there – but it is not made to sing. If, in these three versions, one compares such moments as the difficult change of metre at the *Christe* or the two accelerations in the *Amen* of the *Gloria*, one cannot but be overwhelmed by Toscanini's performance which flies where the others are content to plod.

Sir Thomas Beecham conducts a performance of Haydn's *Seasons* (HMV ALP1606-8 Mono) which is complete apart from a few unimportant cuts. A new text by Dennis Arundell removes the linguistic and rhythmic absurdities of the old translation. This long composition is not in the least helped by Sir Thomas's little bits of 'Disney'. Not content to spoil imaginative orchestral details by the addition of bell, cymbal and drum, he repeats each joke without rhyme or reason. Recitatives are dully orchestrated, not only rendering them pointless dramatically but covering many of the composer's special effects. The more the pity, as the performance by and large is very good and there are strokes of genius in the timing. Of the soloists, Elsie Morison is outstanding, providing the variety of voice and delicacy of phrasing which Alexander Young and Michael Langdon sometimes lack. A stereo version has also been issued. (ASO 282-4).

Handel's Dettingen *Te Deum*, performed by the chorus of the Netherlands Bach Society under the direction of Anthon van der Horst, opens poetically with street noises off and a carillon from the St Janskerk in Gouda where the work was recorded. It is not the greatest Handel but abounds in interesting details and effective if simple juxtapositions. This performance makes the most of every stroke of colour. The chorus is excellent. The singing of the soloists is warm and sensitive; one would like to hear more of the contralto, Aafje Heynis. This beautifully prepared Holland Festival recording is on Fontana CFL 1034.

ALEXANDER GOEHR

Shorter Notices

A Passage to India, at Oxford Playhouse

Santha Rama Rau's three-act treatment of the novel is necessarily drastic. Act One finds Aziz at Fielding's house; Mrs Moore and Miss Quested come to tea, and the expedition to the Marabar Caves is arranged. Act Two is divided into a scene at the caves and another at the English Club immediately following the supposed outrage. Act Three is the trial. The end of the novel is cut entirely.

Act One hangs by Dr Aziz's collar-stud, and

Presenting . . . .

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Films

this, grateful touch though it is, is not enough to support dramatic life in the welter of gentle Forsterian talk. Not that the talk is undistinguished; it simply lacks forward thrust within the unit of the Act. The rest of the play is uneven, and for the most part a romp. The Marabar scene begins well, admirably faithful to Forster's elegiac flair, until Miss Quested writhes across our vision – a cobra's fair victim you'd have thought, if you didn't know the story. The club and the law-court are bravely staged, but the Playhouse cast has a long tail which fails to wag the action into the required uproar. The three 'Indians' – the barristers and the assistant magistrate – do best here.

Aziz (Zia Mohyeddin) is larger and simpler than Forster's life. Allow this inflation, as one ought to, and his vigorous charm makes itself felt. He dominates the others, among whom Enid Lorimer does all that a capable actress can to articulate Mrs Moore's poetic thoughts with stage dignity. Norman Wooland's Fielding is too coarse, but whether the fault is his, or it lies at the root of the dramatising venture, is unsure.

J. J.

Drawings of France, by Rodrigo Moynihan, at the Redfern

It is a habit of English artists to try to abstract, to define and to make classical the forms by which they express their Romantic feelings, in the hope that this will not only link their art with the past but will also keep it moving with the times. Neither seems to happen. When one recognises a work of art as Romantic one also recognises the artist who made it at the same moment. One can share the mood, grasp the style – but one cannot imitate the man himself. This is why Neo-Romantics have usually failed, like the historians, to pull Romanticism along with them. It always seems to stop at the moment they get hold of it. The true Romantic is drawing out his own portrait all his life. Now Rodrigo Moynihan is concerned with his aesthetic nature and with keeping it young. His analysis has been directed towards discovering the unique rather than the idealised. This is why he is such a fine portrait-painter. He makes his discoveries while concentrating on the uniqueness of events: this takes his mind off himself long enough to leave a mark on the canvas. Whatever he does afterwards, however he retreats into himself, the canvas remains witness to his true character. The drawings of France are of this kind. Carried out in brush and pen and gouache, they are related through the artist rather than one to another because the mood of each has risen from a specific image or scene. The identity of the event in time and space is not lost to an idea. The landscape beneath the skin is traditional but the creation is personal.

K. G. S.

Robert Graves reading Selected Poems. Marvell Press, LPV 2

No fireworks; no display of personality; no 'turn' in the Dylan Thomas manner. Here is Robert Graves talking his poetry at you, assuming you are the public he doesn't write for but to which he concedes the right to listen: 'those who happen to be close enough to the poet, in education and environment and imaginative vision, to be able to catch both the overtones and the undertones of his poetic statements'. 42 poems, from the pre-1920 'An English Wood' to 'Call it a Good Marriage', published in this paper just over a year ago; 42 poems, and the voice conversational, matter-of-fact, only once or twice rather more heightened, more urgent (the 'Be off' of 'Front Door Soliloquy'). The poet who openly and singlemindedly serves Calliope does not, even in a poem addressed to her (the last on the disc) chant or put on vatic airs but remains plain Robert Graves. The hazard of this level talking voice is monotony. In his broadcasts, when he has talked about the poems as well as read them, this has been avoided: but 20 poems on one side of the disc, 22 on the other, are a lot to take at a stretch, with sharp responses. But the listener can limit himself – though it's about as hard to hit off any particular poem on the bands as it is to hit off any Diabelli Variation – and it is everything to have a recording of this splendid poet which so faithfully reflects his view and practice of poetry. It is a seriously conceived record and Mr George Hartley, who arranged it, deserves a good sale, and a nod from Calliope too.

J. A. S.

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Correspondence

THE COMMANDING HEIGHTS

SIR, – You state in your leading article last week that 'according to Mr Crosland, capitalism has changed since before the war so much and so fundamentally as to obviate any successful demand for further fundamental changes'.

I do indeed believe that capitalism has changed enormously since before the war. But I also believe – and we might as well try to get each other's opinions straight – that fundamental changes are still needed in (amongst others) the following spheres: (1) The distribution of wealth. (2) The proportion of national income to be devoted to social welfare. (3) The division between public and private capital spending. (4) The educational system. (5) Economic and social (ie town and country) planning. (6) The pattern of class relations. (7) The position of the consumer vis-a-vis the large (public and private) corporation. This is without mentioning questions of foreign and colonial policy, the underdeveloped areas, or existing limitations on personal freedom.

I also want, for several reasons, more public ownership. Whether I should differ from you as to how much, and what forms it should take, I cannot say; for you are never very precise about what industries you want to nationalise and how. I certainly agree with you, though I was once thought very eccentric for taking this view, that 'it is the physical problem of control which is of the essence, rather than the metaphysical concept of ownership': and further that 'public ownership will not always be the solution'.

As we agree on this, not only with each other but with almost the whole of the Labour Party, would it not be more honest to amend the Party constitution, which now appears to say something quite different?

ANTHONY CROSLAND

House of Commons

SIR, – In your last week's article, 'The Commanding Heights', you set out a list of six 'purely economic arguments for public ownership'. Each of your six arguments is unexceptionable; but there is a seventh which should be added, namely, that without public ownership we shall suffer both a gross waste of resources and disastrous social consequences from the large-scale structural changes which our industry is going to experience in the nineteen-sixties.

In a period of relative structural and technical standstill, the separate and unco-ordinated decisions of separate boards of directors can sometimes maintain reasonable stability, and even a little expansion, and thereby lull the Heathcoat Amorys and Anthony Croslands into a false sense of security and well-being. But in a period of industrial dynamism these separate and unco-ordinated decisions cannot begin to cope with rapid changes in demand for different types of labour and capacity.

And the 1960s are going to produce revolutionary changes in our industry which will be much more drastic in scope and much quicker in application than anything we have witnessed since the first days when cottage industries were replaced by factory production. These changes are just beginning to come about as the result of five separate causes:

(1) Replacement of some products by others (coal by oil and nuclear power, natural fibres by man-made fibres, rail transport by road and air transport, internal combustion engines by turbines, natural foods and drugs by synthetics).

(2) Replacement of some raw materials by others (sheet metal by fibreglass, corrugated board and cork and other packaging and insulating materials by expanded polystyrene, the air in pneumatic tyres by sponge-rubber, wood by plastic-coated steel sheet, metals and pottery by polythene, and dozens of others).

(3) Replacement of some skills by others as a result of automation (typists by document-reproducing operators, clerks by computer-operators, machinists by maintenance-men, foremen by technicians, engineering-planners by data-programmers, and others).

(4) A rapid shrinkage of the export markets of some of our industries (machine-tools, trucks, power-plant, bearings) as soon as the Communist bloc develops a large export surplus of its highly competitive products.

(5) Disarmament. A capitalist society can run down its armed forces without creating unemployment and bankruptcies only in a period of buoyant demand, and even then only slowly. That's why it has taken us nine years to make a cut equivalent to the one which the Soviet Union will make in nine months. The western hesitations about disarmament derive partly from the fact that we've got to keep our soldiers in order to keep down our dole-queues.

It is these problems, rather than Clause 4 of the Constitution, that our New Thinkers should be New Thinking about. And if they can find any solution of them within the framework of their beloved private ownership, I'll be interested to hear what it is.

IAN MIKARDO

Palace Chambers
Bridge Street
London SW1

BIRTH CONTROL DEBATE

SIR, – Father Eastwell's parallel is illusory. In the case of remarriage after the death of the first wife nothing is done to make the wife's death more likely. In the case of choosing the 'safe-period' something is done to make non-fertilisation more likely. In the first case the partners choose a certain time to marry because the first wife has died. In the second case the partners

choose a certain time for intercourse in order that fertilisation may be avoided.

If the first were comparable to the second it would read: 'the partners choose a certain time to marry in order that the first wife may die' – which is absurd. Therefore the two cases are not comparable.

I feel that Father Eastwell, representing the most famous theological organisation in the world, cannot solve the difficulty. Can anybody else? If not, the consequences are ruinous to the claims of the Catholic Church.

OLAF C. DREWITT

SIR, – Father Eastwell elucidates the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church for us: what she teaches is that if people use their marriage rights, they should not at the same time put an obstacle to the direct effect of their act, which is conception if God wishes it.

It is, I suppose, very understandable that a Jesuit priest should be unaware that there is not always unanimity between husband and wife on the exercise of marriage rights. The 'direct effect' of their act is borne by the wife, and where contraception is regarded as unlawful these 'direct effects' can arrive yearly for ten to twelve years. The arrivals may or may not be welcome. The woman may or may not be able to bear this repeated child-bearing.

But just how much human misery can be attributed to unwanted children being borne by anaemic, worn-out mothers with 'marriage-right' claiming husbands, is perhaps only known to us who are medical social workers. I have been shocked to learn how many outwardly happy, cheerful wives are haunted and inhibited by the fear of an unplanned pregnancy.

'Birth control should be self-control' is the answer given by many – celibates and spinsters especially. But an exhortation to self-control doesn't seem to work very well when made by a woman in bed with a man in the mood for 'his marriage rights'.

HEALTH VISITOR

SIR, – In a recent autobiography, a famous Indian yoga mystic casually mentions that he was one of a family of nine of devout Hindu parents 'who cohabited but once a year in order to produce children.' Such abstinence and continence may well jar on the modern mind born in religious unbelief, and preoccupied as it is with sex and the things of sense, but it is a condition of living not uncommon in devout Catholic and in the stricter orthodox Jewish homes.

For religious parents consider children not a burden but a blessing, and the hardships and heroic sacrifice required in the upbringing of the normal or larger type family is borne by them because of their religious faith; a faith from which they draw religious strength and consolation impossible to convey to those without it.

In the case of Catholics who obtain permission to limit their families, and such permission is only obtained for grave reasons, it is probably through a sustained abstinence over a lengthy period, rather than a successful use of the safe period, that such limitation is achieved. Certainly the traditional spacing out of the children in the larger families of rural Ireland, with 3 to 3½ years between each child, is due to such self-control; a condition of self-mastery fashioned out of a traditional and stern moral code.

Birth prevention, on the other hand, as Fr Eastwell has said, has always been considered sinful and unlawful – a crime against nature. It is not a modern vice. St Augustine in the 5th century speaks of it as the sin of Onan, a reference to the Book of Genesis, chapter 38, where Onan is slain by the Lord 'because he did a detestable thing' – the act of birth prevention. The early Protestants were no less adamant than Catholics that the Christian marriage involves not two people but three: the husband, wife and God. And for the parents to take upon themselves the authority of deciding when a life is not to be, was considered usurping a right that God had reserved for Himself.

Clearly the primary purpose of the marriage bond is to perpetuate the race. And one doesn't need to be a psychologist to see that the desire for self-perpetuation is the mainspring behind human drive. To frustrate this, therefore, which is precisely what the use of contraceptives do, may well be inviting all kinds of attendant maladies, both psychological and physical. And although the Catholic stand against the use of contraceptives is that this use is not lawful, first on natural grounds, then on moral grounds, it comes as no surprise that there is increasing non-Catholic medical opinion that the present-day high incidence of all kinds of neuroses, sterility, fibroids, and certain diseases peculiar to women may not be unconnected with the widespread use of contraceptives. Freud, who was not a Catholic, considered their use may act as a direct cause of nervous illness (*International Psycho-Analytical Library* No. 8, P.89).

J. P. O'CONNOR

40 St Gabriels Road NW2

SIR, – As an agnostic I do not normally enter into arguments between religious people, nevertheless, as a professional zoologist I would like to draw attention to the following facts.

1. Besides the variability of the post-partum 'safe-period' mentioned by your correspondent Mary Baker, there is a considerable variation in the length of the 'safe-period' of the normal menstrual cycle. Although some women can forecast when they are going to ovulate with considerable accuracy, there are, on the other hand, a large number who cannot do so. The inaccuracy in the latter case, varying from a few days to two or three weeks, is further complicated by the presence of anovulatory cycles which may or may not be associated with haemorrhages and hence may or may not be detectable. It is certainly true that ovulation can be detected clinically by noting the variations in the body temperature but it would be extremely naive to suggest that any woman could organise her own, or her mate's sex-life by this means.

2. The hormone levels at the period of ovulation enhance the excitability and receptivity of the female. This has quite obvious biological advantages, and, in the case of the more excitable women, will obviously enhance the chance of copulation occurring at this time.

3. There is considerable variation in the sexuality of the individuals of our species and what is a satisfactory method of contraception for the relatively 'under-sexed', is not necessarily of wide application amongst the 'over-sexed'.

4. The sociological problems associated with puberty, copulation and frustrated sex-lives are by no means restricted to our own species. The female primate is receptive for a larger percentage of her fertile life than is the female of any other group of mammals. This means that the young sexually mature male is very often, and in the case of our species, always, in the presence of sexually receptive females and will attempt to satisfy his mature desires. The problem of the sibling baboon is admirably portrayed by the bands of them which wreak havoc in the fields of tropical farmers. These animals are specimens which, although sexually mature and hence a threat to the sexual dominance of the elder males, are as yet too weak to assert their own dominance and get driven from the family group. To merely forbid similar desires in all sections of the communities of our western civilisation is not a healthy method of social organisation, and it is not surprising that we have our bands of siblings.

5. As Mary Baker has so rightly pointed out, the celibate clergy of any religion are not exactly the best of the community to advise others in this matter. As far as the general conditions of our species are concerned they are sexually abnormal. If they have a wide knowledge of contraception, its advantages and disadvantages, they are hypocrites. If they have no knowledge about these matters they would do well to tolerate and accept the opinions of other members of the community. Alas, I fear that they would then all be agnostics.

RONALD PEARSON

Tipula, Great Shelford, Cambs

SIR, – One of the most regrettable aspects of the Roman Catholic attitude to birth control is the political pressure which is exerted to prevent the dissemination of knowledge on this subject even among people, including other Christians, who have no conscientious objection to it.

Unfortunately a number of local Labour parties are subject to this pressure. In this area the Oldham Corporation Health Committee, which has in other respects, particularly mental health, a considerable record of progressive achievement, has on more than one occasion refused the use of any council clinics to the local branch of the Family Planning Association. When the matter was recently brought before the full council the Labour group applied the whip to ensure that the Committee's decision was upheld.

P. W. BAGLEY

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STEEL

Report to the Nation

How much steel in 1960?

THE British steel industry may well produce about 24 million tons of steel in 1960 – compared with 20 million tons last year. Last year, and the year before, the steel industry spent some £100,000,000 on new plant and development – and raised its production capacity by about a *million* tons each year. This was done despite the fact that existing capacity, except in a few cases, was not being fully used.

Why this expansion, then? Is it an act of folly – or farsightedness? It is simply an expression of confidence in Britain's future.

Apart from the sharp setback around 1958, when the industry was working far below capacity, demand for steel has shown a steady upsurge since the war. Looking forwards, the industry has weighed forecasts made by its customers about their future demand.

As a result the industry believes that the trend of steel demand will continue to rise.

Planning ahead in Steel is a ticklish business. It means foreseeing future developments in the economic life of the nation, and the changing needs of steel consumers.

Among the thousands of steel-using firms the pattern of demand can change almost overnight. But planning, building and bringing into production a new steelworks inevitably takes years.

Unexpected

A plant making rails cannot change over to production of sheet for cars.

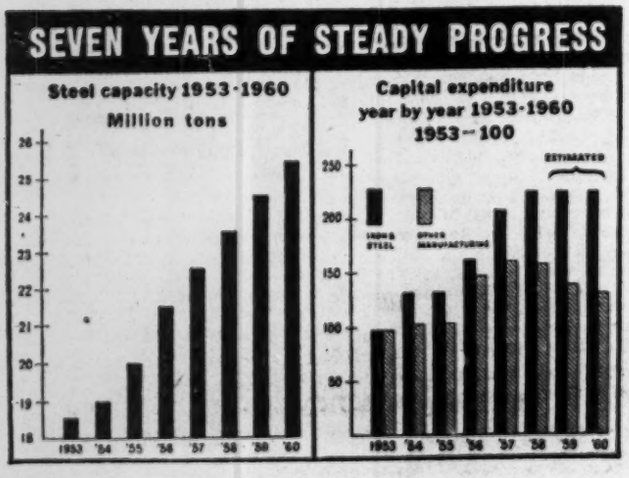
Hence in the past two years, although the steel industry as a whole has not been working at full capacity, there have sometimes been shortages of steel sheet.

Why? The causes were an unexpectedly swift boom in cars – which took even the motor industry itself by surprise; rising sales of household goods like cookers and washing machines, and of electrical machinery; and a shift in demand from one kind of steel sheet to another.

£760 million

Not even the wisest brains can predict, years ahead, every future shift in the pattern of demand. But Britain's steel industry has done remarkably well since the war in having the right plant ready at the right time.

Since the end of 1946, a sum of over £760,000,000 has been spent on development. The graphs show the crescendo of expansion in the last seven years; and also how the steel industry, far from lagging, has gone ahead faster than other manufacturing industries.



New Mills

In the critical field of cold reduced sheet, production in 1959 was 13% up on 1958, and will rise again by perhaps as much as 20% in 1960. Further expansion at existing strip mills and construction of two new mills at Newport and Ravenscraig, work on which is being accelerated, will meet the likely demand for sheet and tinplate.

What of the other sections of the industry? Although hit by the recession, they have pressed on with expansion. The new Universal Beam Mill at Lackenby, the best of its kind in the world, is in production – indeed, everywhere the nationwide programme of steel development is accelerating. At the lowest point (December, 1958) the industry was operating, on average, at about 70% of capacity. Now the rate is over 90% – of a greater capacity.

Up and Up

Prospects are that there will still be some margin of capacity in 1960 in certain heavy steel products, as a result of continued slackness of demand from railways, coal mines, and shipbuilders. But demand for other types of steel is expected to rise still further.

Steel production in 1960 may therefore be between three and four million tons more than in 1959.

Continued modernisation and expansion – at a cost of over £100 million a year – will provide an efficient steel capacity of over 30 million tons by 1965, a sound basis for competing in world markets.

New Life in the Valleys

By Trevor Evans

THE "BLACK YEARS" of the 'twenties and 'thirties are not forgotten in South Wales. So it was with deep misgivings that I went back to the village where I grew up.

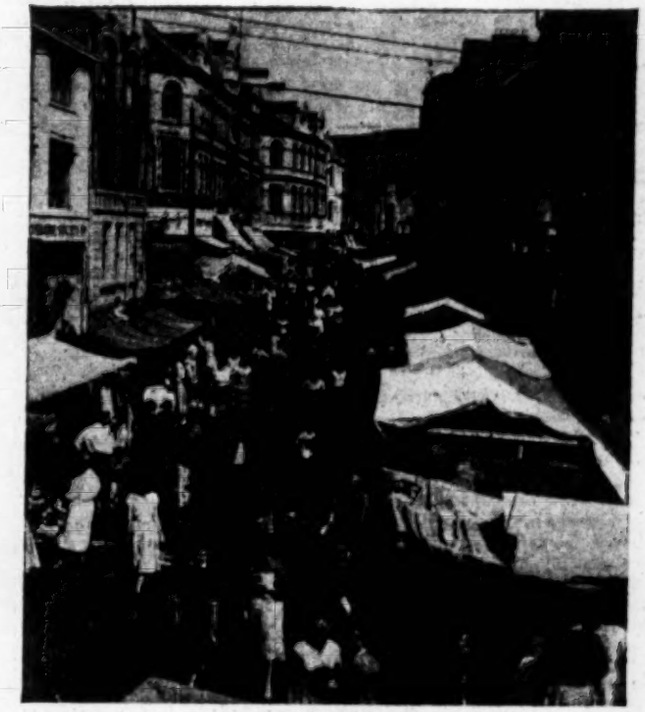
I was never so surprised in my life. There was Thomas Street with upwards of thirty motor cars parked along its kerbs. Thomas Street, which for hours on end in the old days held nothing but Sam Price's milk-float, and Harry Davies's coal wagon.

The houses were spruce with new paint. The house without its television aerial was an exception. Many had refrigerators, and some washing machines.

Peaceful Revolution

The most penetrating comment on changed times came from Mr. Tudur Watkins, the village schoolmaster. He happened to refer in a lesson to soup kitchens. The boys showed the glazed look of not understanding. His own son piped-up: 'Dad, what *are* soup kitchens, please?'

I do not claim that what has happened in Abertridwr is repeated in every other village in the Welsh coalfield.



Pontypridd, badly hit in the 'thirties, now one of the most prosperous of South Wales towns.

But there has been a peaceful revolution in South Wales. It can be measured in a variety of ways. Take Pontypridd, one of the worst hit of South Wales centres – 76% of the working population unemployed during the depression. Today, it has 1.8% unemployed.

Barometer of Coal and Steel

There is another way of showing the transformation. For generations two industries, coal and steel, were synonymous with South Wales.

The concentration of coal mining on the most economical pits has produced contradictions, with surplus men in parts of West Wales and a shortage of miners in parts of the Rhondda.

Steel, too, has concentrated production on modern plants, but with a surprising and gratifying result.

A number of small works were closed, but at the same time the new Abbey, Trostre and Velindre works of The Steel Company of Wales were brought into commission.

Throughout South Wales and Monmouthshire the total number on the payroll of the steel companies was 52,500 in 1948. It was 55,300 last year.

In West Wales there were 27,900 employed in steel in October, 1947. Last July there were 28,000.

The Industry set up special funds to pay compensation to tinplate workers who lost their jobs when the small works were shut down. Valuable though these provisions are for older workers, an even greater social contribution has been the provision of work for more people.

Confidence in the future

In spite of the changing pattern of coal and steel, the two industries continue jointly to provide work for nearly one-third of all the men in jobs in South Wales.

What of the long-term prospects for South Wales? Here I am an optimist. The workers have proved their adaptability to new skills and new processes.

For years there has been a tussle in the minds of many men in South Wales between the experience of the recent past and the memories of the years between the wars. Inevitably, it was a conflict between generations.

I hope and believe the victory will go to the younger generation. The future belongs to them anyway.

Sixty kinds of Steel on Trial – Trial by Ordeal!

THEY do brutal things to a car, down at Nuneaton, on the proving grounds of the Motor Industry Research Association. And every time they test a car, sixty different kinds of steel are on trial. That's how many there are in a modern car.

One of the tortures they have devised consists of a pavé track made of rough stone blocks, set at all angles, with plenty of potholes. They like to drive cars across it *fast*.

And what bears the brunt of this savage test?

Steel takes these shock tactics in its stride.

Steel. British steel. Not just any kind of British steel – but a variety of specially compounded steels.

These special steels come from one or other of the many steelworks in Britain that produce alloy steels.

They are made, fastidiously, in special furnaces, with exact quantities of alloying material added to the molten metal.

Nickel may go in, or Chromium, or Titanium, or Vanadium – or any of a score of other ingredients.

Scrupulous sampling and testing follow. Only when the melter is completely satisfied is the molten metal 'teemed'. The end-product is a component to which the car-driver hardly gives a thought – simply because it is so completely reliable. Whenever there's a really tough job to do in a car, there's a special British steel doing it.

There are over 300 steel firms in Britain, producing *thousands* of different steels. One firm alone may make steel to 500 specifications.

All Britain's industries rely on steel – none more than the Motor Industry, whose phenomenal production and export efforts have astonished the world.

Reports to the Nation on Steel will be issued regularly during 1960 by the British Iron and Steel Federation

THE SWASTIKA FRINGE

SIR, – Whilst the world has been shocked by the recent manifestations of resurgent Nazism in West Germany, little has been reported here of the continued repression by the Adenauer government of opponents to those government policies which have encouraged the reappearance in the open of the extreme right-wing in Germany.

For example, the trial has been going on since November last at Dusseldorf, of six leading members of the West German Peace Committee, six people of diverse political and religious beliefs who are charged with having carried on, from 1951 onwards, 'activities hostile to the constitutional order of the German Federal Republic.'

It is clear from the indictment that the substance of the charge against these defendants is that they have persistently and openly opposed the policies pursued by Dr Adenauer, in particular the rearmament of Germany, the issue of nuclear weapons to the West German forces, the appointment of former Nazis to leading positions in the government and armed forces, and the aggressive claims to Polish territory beyond the Oder-Niesse line. The prosecution does not suggest that the activities of the Peace Committee have taken violent forms, or have been in secret or have actually been the cause of public disorder.

The stern legal measures being pursued against these people, who have exercised their constitutional right to differ publicly from the government on matters of policy, contrast sharply with the hesitant attitude of the Adenauer government towards those who seek to bring about a revival of the evils of racialism and National Socialism.

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GLOOM ON THE IRON ROAD

SIR, – My sincere thanks to John Morgan for his 'Gloom on the Iron Road'. I am married to a railwayman, one of those checkers he mentions, who checks thousands of pounds worth of goods every day and brings home a princely wage packet of £8.12.0 (London Rate) and in our case an additional bonus of about £2.10.0 a week. And how much sweat and blood does this bonus entail? Manipulating many tons a day, all lifted and carted around by hand, because the one principle governing British Railways to-day, which you have not mentioned, is: 'a man's labour is cheaper than any mechanical device'. My husband works six days a week, getting up every morning at 5.30 and never has his wage been enough to keep us (we have three schoolchildren). We do not live in a cheap railway house, though we have made innumerable applications to get one (they are almost entirely reserved for railwaymen whom the BTC tries to lure from other parts of the country into London) but pay a very high rent since the 1957 Rent Act. We have only managed, or rather scraped through, because I have been working full time all along. But for that my husband would have long left the railway. He will probably be one of the last ones to leave, because in spite of all the frustrations and injustices, that is the industry where he belongs; both his father and brother are railwaymen. But how long will it be, before men like them and all other skilled and experienced railwaymen will leave the industry, and it will be staffed entirely by those who are temporarily unemployed or by immigrants from all over the globe who need a start of some sort when they arrive in this country? John Morgan spoke to many railwaymen; I know mainly their wives and, like him, I conclude: 'They won't survive much longer unless there is a drastic pay increase'.

B. NICOLSON

62 Belsize Park Gardens, NW3

JOMO KENYATTA

SIR, – Critic writes on 23 January not wholly unfavourably of Jomo Kenyatta, but says that he 'could be blamed for not bravely trying to check the movement (Mau Mau) which grew so fast and so horribly beyond his control'.

Even that much blame is, I suggest, undeserved. Kenyatta was seized at the outset of the Emergency (in truth, half an hour before) and has never since been in a position to control anything. At that time Mau Mau, although it had – like many other bodies – been proscribed, had not yet grown fast, or horribly. Those developments came later, whilst Kenyatta sat in camps and prisons. Moreover, Kenyatta had, before he was seized, done not a little by way of 'bravely trying to check the movement', and some of his efforts in that direction had been broadcast over Kenya Radio.

The further point, that Kenyatta never had any connection whatever with Mau Mau, is of course more controversial; but I listened to every scrap of evidence (including that since established in court to have been perjured) that the government could produce on the point, and I am one of very many who are quite convinced that he had not.

D. N. PRITT

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Temple EC4

FOURPENCE IN THE SLOT

SIR, – Critic's complaint about the slot machines of the Post Office and Underground is certainly justified. There is, however, a solution which would not only meet the present difficulty but should cover the inevitably aggravated situation in the future when coins are worth even less. The Post Office could issue three small standard tokens for insertion in coin boxes, one each for Trunk, Toll and Local calls. These could be suitably differentiated by size or shape and would be obtainable in quantity at the currently ruling rate from post offices and banks. Any subsequent alteration in charges could then be met by an adjustment in the price of the tokens while the coin box installation remained unaltered. A similar procedure for the Underground would probably prove more elaborate but would, I suggest, be practicable.

JAMES BROCK

Montacute House
Somerset

SIR, – The Post Office, says Critic, takes large sums each year from impatient callers who, having no four pennies to hand, drop into the telephone slot a sixpence or shilling.

That is all very well if the telephone is on an automatic dialling system but on other systems it is apparently not possible to get the operator even if one is willing to pay sixpence for the privilege. The instructions in the call-boxes tell the caller to insert four pennies and wait for the operator to answer. At Basingstoke, Hampshire, recently, I wanted to make an urgent call and, having no pennies, inserted sixpence. Nothing happened. It is fourpence or nothing. The Post Office is not willing even to make a bigger profit.

W. G. SMITH

67 Creighton Road
N17

LANGUAGE OF MUSIC

SIR, – The fundamental error underlying Mr Cooke's approach to non-tonal music is shown in the following extract from his letters: 'the (pensive) 4-2 becomes, *sans* tonic, the "tragic" minor third; the (sentimental) 4-7 becomes the naked augmented fourth (interpreted in my book as "inimical").' Since the examples of the 'tragic' minor third and 'inimical' augmented fourth quoted in Mr Cooke's book are nearly all based on the tonic, it is astonishing that he should imagine these expressive values the only ones to survive in the absence of a tonic. Augmented fourths are prominent in Schoenberg's *Moses and Aron*. In the trombone fanfares in the Golden Calf scene they might be interpreted as 'inimical', but in countless other contexts they are nothing of the kind. Mechanical application of such theoretical notions must kill genuine musical response.

O. W. NEIGHBOUR

ALGERIAN REFUGEES

SIR, – Our appeal in your issue of 26 December brought an immediate and very generous response which included gifts from as far away as America and Australia. We would be grateful for a little of your space here to thank the many NEW STATESMAN readers who sent anonymous donations.

We spent £900 immediately on the purchase of new blankets for shipment to Tunisia and Morocco. The Oxford Committee for Famine Relief not only paid the shipping costs but added a further £200 worth of blankets on their own account. We propose to use the rest of the £1,200 so far received to build up a fund for the purchase of a mobile clinic or canteen.

The desperate need for blankets, food and drugs is emphasised in every new report reaching us from North Africa. The bitter weather is killing ruthlessly. The small children and the old die first, but all are threatened. More help must be sent – and quickly.

We beg of your readers who have not yet sent us a contribution to do so now, before it is too late.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
PAKENHAM
MERVYN SOUTHWARK
VICKY

United Kingdom Committee for Algerian Refugees
49 Denison House
296 Vauxhall Bridge Road
SW1

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Moralist of Exile

In Jocelyn Baines's *Conrad: A Critical Biography**, we have at last got a full and thorough life of our great exotic. It becomes the packed, standard work. The earlier life by Jean Aubry was devoted, but incurious and shallow. It ran like a mere acquiescent shadow beside the subject. We had seen Conrad more vividly in his own unreliable memoirs, and in a number of portraits and reminiscences by friends like Galsworthy, Ford Madox Hueffer, Wells, Bertrand Russell and Richard Curle. The impression was of a magnetic, agonised man of genius, dazzling in talk, excitable, crippled by gout and short of money, who also contrived to be at once a dreamy transplanted Polish gentleman, the very figure of bristling honour, an artist and an experienced British master mariner. Love of the sea, rather than accident – we liked to think – had made him British. The sea, too, had made him our kind of writer. We had converted him to our own extroversion and he had repaid us by his genius in the genre we love. It turned out later that we had underemphasised the Pole and the exile. Critics like Edward Crankshaw, F. R. Leavis and, latterly, Douglas Hewitt in an excellent little book (*Conrad: A Reassessment*), have transformed our understanding of Conrad's work. Mr Baines continues this and now fills out the life. It is a well-written work of patient research, careful judgment and constant questioning.

The early view of Conrad as the émigré and seaman who became a great writer by luck and accident, has been destroyed, as Mr Baines shows, by examination of his Polish background. Conrad was a born writer. His background was intensely literary. His father was a poet, a playwright, a romantic political figure in Poland. He led an important conspiracy and was sent to exile in Russia. One of the earliest of Conrad's memories as a child was of being asked by his father to read the proofs of his translation of Hugo's *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. Alone, with his father, in a gloomy household after his mother's death, the boy kept away grief and isolation by avid reading. He was given a sound literary education and when he first went to sea, it was remarked that he was, before anything else, a cultivated young man, fit, as his uncle said with some pride, for the drawing-room. There was nothing of the sea-dog about him. His letters to his uncle, who was his harassed guardian after his father's death, were written in excellent Polish prose. The old gentleman was eager for him to write for the Warsaw press. Conrad's correspondence with one of his aunts, that went on for years, was a spirited and literary flirtation. His first novel, *Almayer's Folly*, is, before anything else, a literary experiment in the rhetorical prose he had been brought up on; and there cannot have been many second mates in his day who had read *Madame Bovary*.

The second important factor in Conrad's life is the Polish imbroglio. The fight for Polish freedom had schooled him in sorrow and made him an orphan, for both his parents died young as a result of their sufferings in exile; and in countries where there is a long tradition of rebellion against the foreign tyrant, an exalted generation is commonly followed by one that is wearied by martyrs and sceptical of causes. Conrad's father had faith and wild impractical courage; he was in a romantic and incompetent way a leader. Conrad had no political faith and no religious faith either. Of all religions he found the Christian the most cruel and grotesque. He hated Russia, of course; he did not believe in the Polish resurgence. He was conscious only of waste and defeat. He rejected also the democratic beliefs of the father he loved, and at 28 was saying that 'socialism will lead inevitably to Caesarism'.

So, in leaving Poland, Conrad broke with his father and his country. His bid for adventure was a bid for security, and all his life he was conscious of the exile's guilt. One can see perhaps an aspect of Conrad's situation in *Victory*, in Heyst's comment on his own life. Heyst's father is an expatriate Swede: 'dissatisfied with his country and angry with all the world which had instinctively rejected his wisdom . . .' He watches his father write 'his last book in which he claimed for mankind that right to absolute moral and intellectual liberty of which he no longer believed them worthy.' 'I'll drift', says Heyst. This is his defence against life, that he sets up 'with a sort of inward consciousness that, for the son of his father, there was no other worthy alternative'. Conrad is not Heyst, but Conrad did drift in his early years as a seaman, contrabandist and speculator; the difference being that he had found an arduous form of drifting. His form of drift was the hard work of the secure, simple community of a sailor's life. For Conrad, as for Kipling, there is an interim salvation in work. Isolation and the traps of moral corruption are his subjects. When he became a distinguished writer there were Polish critics who reproached him – and other exiles – for not returning; it was a subject on which he was sensitive and indignant, for he had transposed his dilemma into important works of art. I do not understand why, after Heyst, Mr Baines says there is 'a total absence of any significant relationship between father and son in Conrad's work' unless he means that this relationship is not at the centre of the drama of *Victory;* but he makes the most interesting suggestion – it comes from a conversation of Conrad's – that Conrad's frequent preoccupation with father-daughter relationships, was an evasive transposition of his tacit conflict with his father and his country. It was dangerous in any case, as Mr Baines shows from the correspondence with Conrad's uncle, for Conrad to return to Poland when he was young. He would have been called up for military service in the hated Russian army. And that could last as long as 25 years.

From his young days to old age Conrad was a man who attracted respect and great affection, despite his incalculable moodiness, his fits of excitement, depression, sudden rage and something like hysteria. The early letters of advice and rebuke from his excellent uncle and guardian – a good letter-writer – give one the most engaging portrait of a young man running wild, sulking and trying to pull himself together. The uncle was always praying that the young man would grow out of his father's instability and recover his mother's good sense. In the middle of this correspondence there occurs one of the Conrad mysteries: the mystery of the duel described in *The Arrow of Gold*, which was said to be an incident from Conrad's romantic life in Marseilles. He had a scar on his chest to prove it. It has come out since, from one of the uncle's letters, that Conrad had had no duel, but had attempted suicide – possibly because he was in a serious financial jam, possibly to impress the original of Rita. Conrad himself held to the story of the duel, but in his reminiscences was always inclined to the figurative rather than the factual memory. Mr Baines points out that there is an inordinate amount of suicide in the novels.

From his letters and from his conversation, one would gather that Conrad was one of the most tormented of novelists, whose agonies and misfortunes can only be compared with Dostoevsky's. His health was bad; he had strong neurasthenic tendencies; the *contretemps* of family life appeared to him as apocalyptic disasters. He was extravagant and was always in money difficulties which paralysed him. It is odd that a novelist who had his enormous vivid experience to draw on, should have been stuck so often with nothing to say. Edward Garnett used to say that he lacked invention. Mr Baines suggests that as an expatriate 'he was unable to draw on a body of experience common to his prospective readers'. It is interesting to know that so much of his background material and so many of the episodes in his novels were suggested by reading. The great novelists often owe their decisive power to their ability to turn their incapacities into virtues. If invention flagged, Conrad intensified his static scenes; when the realistic advancing of character beat him, he invented the colloquial Marlow as a narrator who could jump ahead; if a character did not move, he used great ingenuity and living vividness in elaborating the character's moral uniqueness. His people are morally and physically magnetised and he himself referred to his desire for an effect of sculpture. At his greatest he

**Conrad: A Critical Biography*. By Jocelyn Baines. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 42*s*.

THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING CITIES

Recently, for THE SUNDAY TIMES Ian Fleming, creator of James Bond, visited some of the most exciting cities in the world. He made for those parts of them which an expert thriller writer seeks as his local colour. He met thieves, mobsters, prostitutes, murderers. He gambled – and won – against the big Syndicates in Las Vegas. In Chicago he met associates of the gang which killed the 'terrible' Roger Touhy. In Hongkong he discovered the world of Suzie Wong; in Macao, the fabulous traffic in smuggled gold and opium. Now Ian Fleming writes about it all; and his insatiable curiosity and imaginative pen have helped him produce a series of articles that outpace the concentional travelogue as the jet plane outpaces the tram. On Sunday Ian Fleming begins them – in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

indeed achieved a sort of massive and dramatic authority in vibrant and living stone and thus avoided flatness and abstraction. He is careful to take his people out of time into an isolated world very much in the manner of the dramatist – the ship, the small obsessional enclaves of conspiracy, the unget-at-able port in *Nostromo*, the captain's cabin in *The Secret Sharer* – so that the utmost can be got out of the closed moral dilemma.

In his examination of the novels as they came out Mr Baines is thorough and enlightening. He notes the influences; here Flaubert, there Dickens, and so on. Douglas Hewitt, in his little book, said that the great novels of Conrad are not tragedies, but resemble tragedies. Mr Baines thinks that Conrad's conception of life was really catastrophic. Evil falls without discrimination upon all. Only Lord Jim and Razumov achieve 'a triumphant atonement'. The one invariable element, Mr Baines says, in these catastrophes is the emotional and moral isolation of the individual and 'although Conrad hoped in his work to "awaken . . . that feeling of unavoidable solidarity", he proclaimed in fact that isolation, with its tragic consequences, is inevitable . . . because he, more fully than others, had throughout his life experienced solitude "the enemy known but to few on this earth, and whom the simplest of us are fit to withstand".' He was not among the great creators of character. He was an establisher of situations. He wrote:

> I have been called a writer of the sea, of the tropics, a descriptive writer, a romantic writer – and also a realist. But as a matter of fact all my concern has been with the 'ideal' value of things, events and people, That and nothing else.

The world of ideal values becomes, so often, the exile's island in a world which has become meaningless for him because he has no country. The conflict between Conrad's sense of these values and his own sense of isolation and catastrophe made him one of the most ruthless psychologists of moral conflict in the European novel.

V. S. PRITCHETT

China Shop Vigil

Useful these bowls may be;
what fatness makes the hollows glow,
their shadows bossed and plump.

Precisely there a wheel whirling backward
flattens them. Knuckles whiten on copper;
headless men are hammering drums.

Cup and teapot may be such comforters:
small jaws mincing chatter
over the bad blood between us once.

When baking began the air in jugs frothed
for milk, or lupins. Now mob is crushed
by mob what fatness but in wild places,

where some half dozen dusty mindful men
drinking from gourd or canvas huddle,
and can speak at last of the good rain.

CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON

Palestine Prophet

Middle East Diary. By COLONEL R. MEINERTZHAGEN. *Cresset.* 35*s.*

On 25 March 1919 a British officer, transferred from Allenby's army to become a junior member of our peace delegation in Paris, sat down and wrote a personal letter to Mr Lloyd George.

> This Peace Conference has laid two eggs – Jewish Nationalism and Arab Nationalism; these are going to grow up into two troublesome chickens; the Jew virile, brave, determined and intelligent. The Arab decadent, stupid, dishonest and producing little beyond eccentrics influenced by the romance and silence of the desert . . .
>
> In fifty years time both Jew and Arab will be obsessed with nationalism, the natural outcome of President Wilson's self-determination. Nationalism prefers self-government, however dishonest and inefficient, to government by foreigners however efficient and beneficial. Nationalism moreover involves the freedom of the State but ignores the freedom of the individual; it is a sop to professional politicians and agitators, and may involve gross injustices to the people . . .
>
> The British position in the Middle East today is paramount; the force of nationalism will challenge our position. We cannot befriend both Jew and Arab. My proposal is based on befriending the people who are more likely to be loyal friends – the Jews . . .
>
> With Jewish and Arab nationalism developing into sovereignty and with the loss of the Canal in 1966 (only 47 years hence) we stand a good chance of losing our position in the Middle East. My suggestion to you is a proposal to make our position in the Middle East more secure.

The author of this remarkable letter was Colonel Richard Meinertzhagen. The name sounds Jewish, but he is in fact an English High Tory of Danish descent, who already, by the end of World War I, had become a Middle Eastern 'character', as adventurous as his intimate friend T. E. Lawrence, and a much better soldier. Whereas Lawrence fell for the Arabs, Meinertzhagen has always despised them, a prejudice strengthened by much romantic travel throughout Arabia. Moreover, in the autumn of 1918 he met Weizmann and was captivated by him. First as chief political adviser in Palestine and then as military adviser on the Middle East to Sir Winston Churchill when he was Colonial Secretary, he exercised great influence in the first critical years of the British Mandate in Palestine. When the first Arab pogrom occurred in Jerusalem, he wrote a letter to Lord Curzon, laying the full blame for it on the British military authorities, and was at once – as he had confidently expected – dismissed by Lord Allenby. But the result of his calculated impropriety was the replacement of the viciously anti-Jewish military government of General Bols by Lord Samuel's slightly less prejudiced civil regime.

Unlike certain eminent soldiers of World War II, Meinertzhagen – who is still hale and hearty at 81 – has not suppressed the follies in his diaries or handed them over for someone else to improve. We find him describing Weizmann, after his first meeting, as 'an enemy of society. His real aims go further than Zionism, for they encompass the destruction of all society which hinders revolutionary ideas'. He is also not ashamed to reprint the impression which Hitler made on him in 1934.

> He struck me as being a man of immense strength both physical and mental, possessing

a magnetic personality, very sincere and absolutely truthful. This latter character struck me most. Men like Smuts, Winston Churchill, Milner, whom I have met, never impressed me so much with their absolute truthfulness and sincerity. Lloyd George is of course a bundle of humbuggery.

Middle East Diary, in fact, is a historical goldmine, of which the dross is just as fascinating as the nuggets. If its interest fails in the latter pages, this is because the author ceased to be an active participant in the making of Israel. Inevitably the anxious spectator on the sidelines for more than thirty years is more querulous and self-righteous than the soldier was in the thick of the struggle.

One special value of *Middle East Diary* is the light it throws on the inside struggle between pro-Arabs and pro-Jews and, in particular, on the motives of the men who decided to make the National Home a British responsibility. It is a complete illusion that Balfour, Lloyd George and Milner were mainly concerned either with wooing the American Jews or with strategic considerations. Like Meinertzhagen himself, they were captivated by Weizmann and persuaded that the democracies, in their hour of triumph, could afford to make some redress to the persecuted Jewish people by permitting a return to Palestine. Balfour, however, is revealed as an ineffective muddler, responsible for the ambiguity of the Declaration and permitting us to drift into a responsibility which he did not want. Sir Winston, apparently, was little more enthusiastic about the British Mandate. The prime mover throughout was Lloyd George, who shared Meinertzhagen's devotion to the Bible and mystical belief that a Jewish return to Zion must be part of the fulfilment of the Christian destiny.

Where the author of these diaries differed from all the politicians was in his estimate of the fighting qualities and reliability of the Jews and the Arabs respectively. From the first, Meinertzhagen was convinced that, apart from the Turks, the Jews would prove the only reliable allies of the West in the whole Middle East. In this respect, at least, history has not proved him wrong.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Break for Ads

Advertising: A New Approach. By WALTER TAPLIN. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Among Max Beerbohm's better known cartoons is one entitled 'S. T. Coleridge: Table Talking'. Slumped in his seat at the head of the table, the great man, glassy-eyed, is going on and on and on, while his guests heave and swell together in the deep collective sleep of utter boredom. Reading Walter Taplin's *Advertising: A New Approach* brings this picture irresistibly to mind. It is diffuse and loose-lipped to a remarkable degree, and one has the sense not so much of reading a book as of listening to the author endlessly soliloquising at the LSE lunch table.

Indeed, keeping awake through these chapters requires so great an effort of will that it is only fair to confess that the subtleties, even the substance, of Mr Taplin's argument may well have been overlooked. Fortunately, the purpose of the book is clear enough. It is a defence of advertising – an attempt to overcome, in the author's words, 'the widespread distaste of educated people generally for many of its manifestations'. This attempt involves the reader – and presumably is the basis for the claim to a 'new approach' – in a number of brief excursions into the realms of philosophy and psychology, sociology and economics. In the course of these we learn that advertising creates wants and that the creation of wants is a good thing; that purely informative advertising is impossible; that advertising is only a form of persuasion; that everyone persuades and that it is better to persuade people than to beat them over the head; that advertising is a form of business competition; that consumers can protect themselves and, if they cannot, then advertisers subscribe to a code of conduct. So it goes on to the very last page where, should his doubts still persist, the reader is faced with a kind of ultimatum: 'It exists. It cannot be ignored. Whether we like it or not we have got it and are likely to go on having it.'

Some of these conclusions, so tortuously reached, are quite obviously open to challenge. None of them, however, is particularly important or even interesting. What does matter is that in a book whose avowed purpose is to dispel the 'widespread distaste, etc.', the author should choose to devote no more than two pages to the major issues: *i.e.* to the persistent impression, as he rather oddly puts it, 'that in the most highly developed Western societies advertising is a dominant and pernicious influence on the character of life in general'. This scant treatment becomes even more surprising when Mr Taplin himself admits 'that the question of the kind of life that a particular economic system tends to generate for the majority of its members is far more important than any question of the particular effects of particular appeals intended to sell particular goods'. Of course it is difficult, as the author says, to distinguish the impact of advertising itself from all the other economic influences at work. But it is really not good enough for Mr Taplin simply to pose a few problems and to leave it at that.

After all, there has been a revolution in the means of persuasion and in this, advertising has played the crucial role. It is itself one of the most powerful instruments of persuasion, and the rest of the mass media – the BBC excepted – largely depend on advertising revenue for their very existence. The control of the means of persuasion, the motives which guide their use and the effects of persuasion on the course of our society are among the most important questions of our time.

If the first Research Fellow in Advertising at a British university cannot be bothered to discuss them, he should not be surprised if few people take his book seriously.

PETER SHORE

The Last Tycoon

Selfridge. By REGINALD POUND. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

There can't be many more biographies like this one left to do. Selfridge, Northcliffe, Tommy Lipton, Joe Lyons – who else? I have a confused composite image of them all, striding through their empires in top-hats, making and losing millions, introducing astonishingly obvious ideas such as the bargain basement, being interviewed by Edgar Wallace, coming out with the pithy sayings and, wherever they go, leaving a trail of anecdotes behind them.

Selfridge's story is a familiar one to us all, or at least, it doesn't come as any surprise. There was once a cartoon of a man pointing out a tycoon and saying: 'See him? When he started out he was selling bootlaces' – and

E.R.

England of the first Elizabeth is an appropriate subject for our study. In **LORD BURGHLEY AND QUEEN ELIZABETH** Professor CONYERS READ traces the course of that great partnership in a scholarly and interesting biography of the Queen's most trusted and powerful Minister. Illustrated, 55*s.*

J C

Czech and Hungarian history may seem obscure. But it is important. STEPHEN BORSODY, an exiled Hungarian scholar, writes of the pre-war rivalries and nationalism that led to **THE TRIUMPH OF TYRANNY.** His lucid account of the grim and recent past warns the West of the dangers of 'national sovereignty'. 21*s.*

DM

The mark is sound, the autobahn busy. The ruin and starvation of 1945 has become the 'German miracle'. EUGENE DAVIDSON records the transformation in **THE DEATH AND LIFE OF GERMANY,** a distinguished study of Americans in occupation and of the new West Germany's strength and weakness. 35*s.*

J C

Pacific surf lashes volcanic coasts. Trade winds give place to the murderous cyclone. This is the New Hebrides, well known to MAURICE GUY who tells of a fierce feud in a world of contemporary pioneers, **SO WILD THE WIND,** an exciting, authentic novel of action. 16*s.*

IF five convicts, all hard criminals, decide to make **THE BREAK,** can we blame them? JOSÉ GIOVANNI, resistance veteran, knows prison life. His tense, vivid book exposes a squalid penal system and interprets the desperate courage of the men who make **THE BREAK.** 16*s.*

J C

Grave, shocking, thoughtful yet deeply humorous, **THE DEVIL IN BUCKS COUNTY** is the story of a marriage crumbling among the temptations of an expensive American Bohemia. EDMUND SCHIDDEL has welded a score of riotous lives into a disciplined pattern of fun, enchantment and near tragedy. 18*s.*

JONATHAN CAPE

there the tycoon is in the regulation top-hat, standing at the door of his Rolls Royce, with a tray of bootlaces. This seems, more or less, to sum up the career of Gordon Selfridge. Mr Pound has collected the anecdotes and the sayings, digested the balance-sheets and given us another competent, sometimes witty book about another commercial buccaneer. And, as I say, there can't be many more left to do. Does Mr Charles Clore stomp in and out of all those shoe-shops or whatever it is he owns, declaring 'Work is Fun'? Will Isaac Wolfson finish up riding wistfully past his own stores on a No. 73 bus? I very much doubt it. By far the saddest part of Mr Pound's book describes how Selfridge, towards the end of his life, sums up his own position: 'Customers increasing, profits falling'. He owes the Inland Revenue a quarter of a million, he is retired from the board on a life pension, and the whole thing is smoothly handled by the Midland Bank. It is here that we see the transition from Selfridge to Selfridge (Holdings) Ltd; the fall of the buccaneer and the rise of the faceless commercial empire. The scene reminds me of those sad movies where 'once-buoyant music-hall proprietors witness the coming of the Jazz Singer, and I am very grateful to Mr Pound for not using, so far as I can see, the phrase, 'It was the end of an era'. What he says instead is, 'His exit from the public scene came at a time of ... increasing limitations on the kind of personal power which he had enjoyed for thirty years'.

But what now? How will the future Arnold Bennett cope with the sage of the Wimpy Bars? How will the new Wells handle the story of an ambitious trainee in a Sainsbury's supermarket? And what era will have ended with the demise of Mr Paul Getty?

KEITH WATERHOUSE

'completely **modern** ... **a manifesto** for the new **traveller in search of himself'**

JOHN BRODERICK, *Irish Times*

'When an Irishman writes on international affairs he is usually well worth reading and Mr. Fennell is certainly no exception' SIR CHARLES PETRIE, *Illus. London News*

DESMOND FENNELL

Mainly in Wonder 21s.

Hutchinson

The Senior Service

A Social History of the Navy, 1793-1815. By MICHAEL LEWIS. *Allen & Unwin.* 42*s.*

Why on earth was the eighteenth-century British navy so successful? Our ships were inferior in construction to the French, though normally better found. Our government exploited every method available for lowering the sailors' morale, by press-ganging them from their normal maritime occupations into lower-paid work at worse conditions. They deserted at the rate of 6,000 a year in the two years before Trafalgar. About one-eighth of them were ruptured, their insanity rate – rising – was seven times that of the ordinary population, without counting the effects of alcohol with which the authorities (against better advice) systematically stupefied them. On the other hand they received no pay-rise between the time of Cromwell and the justified and successful mutinies of 1797. The officers were selected strictly from the middle and upper classes – there were only 240 lower-deck promotions between 1793 and 1815 – and relied on their inferiors for the technicalities of seamanship. Their promotion up to post rank was almost entirely by nepotism, and thereafter entirely by routine.

All this Michael Lewis establishes with abundant statistical evidence in a book that is breezily written, valuable, but misnamed, for an analysis of the social and geographical origins of sailors, of their prospects, conditions of service and rewards, and of the cost of the 1793-1815 wars in ships and men, belongs to the social history of the navy, but is not itself a social history. (Mr Lewis makes only a cursory reference to the mutinies of 1797 and hardly any to other troubles of the late 1790s, nor does he discuss the politics of the naval officers, revivalist religion on the lower deck, public opinion and the navy, or other topics relevant to his title.)

It is of course possible that the astonishing superiority of our navy over the French was due, as Mr Lewis suggests, to the deficiencies of the French. Our record against the Americans was much less brilliant. Nevertheless, the eighteenth-century British navy was patently (and especially compared to the army) a superbly competent and lion-hearted fighting force with a record of triumph rarely equalled by any other body of armed men. Why was this so?

The great Halévy, with his usual acumen, asked the question a half-century ago, and his answer can still guide us. It is that the navy, at least until corroded by Victorianism, was a strikingly Whig institution. Since it was quite unsuitable for making *coups d'état*, its permanent existence, *esprit de corps* and efficiency roused none of the political fears which made the army unpopular and kept it in a state of legendary incompetence. On the contrary. The navy protected and extended our trade, by methods similar to that mixture of aggression and sharp practice by which the British merchant conquered the world. It was popular: a Constitutional rather than a Royal Navy. Its only enemy was the characteristic bourgeois stinginess which caused it to be immediately demobilised at the end of every war and thus to start all wars unprepared. But even this had political advantages, for it ensured that Jolly Jack was mostly a conscripted civilian sailor, and not a permanent militarist. Moreover, in spite of social exclusiveness, the navy was allowed a cadre of professionally competent career officers, largely – as Mr Lewis shows – drawn from the business and lesser landed classes; and, insofar as the service had any politics, they were Whiggish like St Vincent's, or even Radical like those of Hornblower's prototype Cochrane.

Indeed, Cochrane's recruiting poster (p.96) with its splendid Cobbettian prose, its salt-water arrogance, patriotism and frank appeal to the potential looter, explains more about the reasons for our naval triumph than long analyses. Here was British capitalism in confident, buccaneering expansion. And yet, as Mr Lewis makes utterly clear, if admirals made their fortunes, Jolly Jack got little out of it. 'Life had not a great deal to give him; but he was not unhappy, because he never expected very much.' It was not the first or last time that Britain's top people have benefited from the astonishing modesty of expectations of Britain's bottom people.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

The Threat of China

The Economic Development of Communist China, 1949-58. By T. J. HUGHES and D. E. T. LUARD. *Oxford.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

One of the most curious and disturbing phenomena in contemporary Britain is its growing provincialism. So long as Jack is all right for the moment why bother whether Jean or Hans are better off (not to speak of Ivan)? That Jack's well-being has been and still is to a considerable degree dependent on Britain's international economic position is blithely ignored. Will not the friendly bluffness of Prince Philip hold the Commonwealth together, ably helped by the smile of Princess Alexandra? And, if necessary, Mr Macmillan will take a sly hand. Won't Americans flock to see the babies and busbies at Buckingham Palace? Why worry?

There has been, in violent contrast to the US, no full-scale study in this country either of the Soviet or the Chinese economy or their implications to the Western World in general and Britain in particular. This gap has now been partially remedied by a study of the Chinese economy undertaken under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. It has fortunately been written not (as usual with the Institute) by a committee of High Personages terrified of committing themselves but by two able writers. It gives as accurate a picture of the economic and social revolution in China as is possible within the limits set by the nature of Asian statistics. (India has as great a problem of getting accurate estimates from half a million illiterate villages as China from her three-quarters of a million.)

What in part emerges from this picture is the story of a unique advance in production of an underdeveloped area. The Chinese have succeeded, as no other Government has been able to do, in mobilising the vast masses of unemployed in the rural areas. The scores of millions toiling with spades, buckets and baskets have brought under irrigation an area greater than Britain, and afforested an area greater than France. It is this success which menaces Nehru's India, not the incursion into Ladakh. As in the case of Russia, the full extent of this menace has been masked by fantastic Chinese claims of having done twice as well as they had probably in fact done. The correct figure, representing a growth at least twice as high as that ever achieved by Russia or Japan and about five times that of India, could then be triumphantly dubbed a 'failure' by *The Times* and most spokesmen of our élite.

The other, equally interesting, facet of the Chinese regime, clearly brought out in this volume, is its fantastic adaptability and flexibility. If a new policy does not succeed it is changed as ruthlessly and thoroughly as it was first applied. No doubt frightful pain and insecurity is inflicted on millions. But there is immense material progress and there might be a basis for real freedom later as there begins to be freedom from droughts and floods and famines. The do-nothing policy of the benevolent, humane and humanist British Indian Civil Service was a continuation of famine, of degradation and misery for millions without hope of change. Is the sin of omission less than that of commission?

There is no doubt that China is fast emerging as the third world power. For good or ill we shall have to reckon with her because her success will make the futile, American-inspired petty military dictatorships in Asia, which combine repression with social and economic inanity, look what they are. Kerala was the first state in which Communism triumphed through the ballot-box and had to be displaced by force. If the West does not mend its ways it will not be the last. Nor will the last word have been spoken by military suppression practised by our allies.

T. BALOGH

From Stratum to Stratum

Social Mobility in Industrial Society. By S. M. LIPSET and R. BENDIX. *Heinemann.* 30s.

Two able American sociologists have taken stock of the present state of knowledge about the important and intriguing 'process by which individuals move from one stratum of society to another'. It is a process in which everybody is closely interested as an individual, anxious to compare his lot with that of others, as well as politically. It is in fact largely out of speculations and myths about social mobility that political systems have been established and destroyed. Sociology is now able to provide some reasonably solid evidence on the subject. This is a book packed with arithmetic and argument, some of it complicated but none redundant. Each of the 59 statistical tables and 11 figures is used to good purpose, and the numerous percentages are all instructive. Concentrated percentages are not everybody's cup of tea, but here they are made palatable by perceptive elucidation. Both in matter and manner, this book is an encouraging sign of the growing maturity of that late-developing brain-child of the modern world, sociology.

Even more encouraging, the subject is here dealt with on a basis of international comparison. Research in this field has been stimulated and co-ordinated by the International Sociological Association. At last we can test the traditional idea of America as an 'open' society, and of Britain, France and Germany, for example, as relatively 'closed'. The authors show that the main reasons for the shift from stratum to stratum lie in the development of industry and large cities, and that wherever these are well advanced, the pattern of social mobility is much the same. In Japan and in the Soviet Union (though here the evidence is sketchier), and even in Poona, there has been the same pronounced shift across the critical line which separates manual from non-manual occupations. Democracy, dictatorship, socialism, free enterprise: these variations are of secondary significance.

The process of social mobility does not for most people mean a sensational change in

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ROUTLEDGE *and Kegan Paul*

fortunes, but even a slight promotion or demotion in the scale may feel uncomfortable. Professors Lipset and Bendix map out briefly some of the psychological implications, on which research is also active though not as yet conclusive. It appears –

> that the upwardly mobile differ from the non-mobile and the downwardly mobile in having been trained for independence at an earlier time, in having heightened opportunities for interaction with adults while they were children, in having come from a family dominated by the mother rather than the father, in having learned to defer present gratifications in order to achieve later objectives, in having the capacity to deal with others in an instrumental rather than an emotional fashion, and in having higher rates of certain mental disturbances.

But apart from such 'psychodynamic' variables, and apart from genetic factors, there is the striking sociological effect of the size of the community or conurbation in which you live. The larger it is, the greater your chances of rising in the scale; and this is true, though for rather different reasons, whether you move there or are born there. If however you have had the advantage of extended education, your chances in one of the professions will be better if you are born in a small place than in a large one. It is the educationally handicapped manual worker whose hope of promotion is so much brighter in the big city than in the small, while men born there 'are more likely to obtain positions at the top of the business world'.

It is impossible in a short review to do justice to a work which is itself an extended review of so many books, reports and papers. Besides the results of direct inquiry into social mobility (notably those associated with Professor David Glass in this country), the authors have made highly effective use of what they call 'secondary' analyses of data collected for other purposes by governments and research organisations, including a big survey by their own University of California, which provides the material for three out of the nine chapters. Nor is it possible to pursue here the final chapter's questioning of the assumption 'that rapid and increasing social mobility is a good thing'. One can only say that anyone seriously concerned with these topics will find his curiosity amply rewarded by a careful study of a volume outstandingly generous both in fact and comment.

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Collins

Lobby Correspondent

The Glory of Parliament. By HARRY BOARDMAN. Edited by FRANCIS BOYD. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

For 29 years as Lobby or Gallery correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, Harry Boardman looked over spectacles perched halfway down his long, sharp nose and surveyed the political scene. As he watched, the corners of his mouth would turn down and the sharpness of his observer's eye would soften into vacancy as he began to look inwards to his memory. Though he recorded the essentials accurately, and caught the unobtrusive detail which warmed the essentials, he was far more than a great reporter, depicting an occasion. One imagined him, not as a craftsman with a typewriter, a machine he detested, but rather as an alchemist with test tube and low, slow flame. In his room behind the Gallery he sat distilling and, though deadlines might pass, he went on brewing until the essence pleased him. This may have been infuriating to sub-editors but it provided purest delight for readers of the *MG's* later editions; and what was delightful the morning after is still delightful when re-read, years later, in the collection which Mr Francis Boyd, Boardman's successor as *Guardian* political correspondent, has now piously gathered.

There is no dust on these pages. In them, great Parliamentary occasions – the Norwegian debate in 1940, the Keynes-Beaverbrook debate on the American loan, Bevan's introduction of the National Health Bill, the Suez debates – live presently. Boardman turned journalism into history and history into journalism. In a sense, he tried to be detached. There are few judgments, no partisan polemics here. But as men and events passed through his pores into his consciousness, they became tinged, sometimes, perhaps, suffused, by his own characteristics. He watched and described the tragedy of Eden with pity, not anger, in his pen. His alert watchfulness over the guiles of Lloyd George was always tempered by deep affection. The shock which some Churchillian actions gave to his sensibilities was always cushioned by the admiration which he felt for 'originals'. Above all, towards the end of his life, the House of Commons as an institution became to him a being in itself, somehow divorced from the members who in fact give it life. Did discreditable things sometimes happen there? They were faithfully recorded but one gets the impression that they sullied only the members and not Parliament itself. Boardman, however, was not doing a shorthand note for Hansard. He was clothing bare bones with his own flesh and blood as an artist must. Thanks to this book some of his creations have a chance to live permanently.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Political Soap Opera

Advise and Consent. By ALLEN DRURY. *Collins.* 21*s.*

The mild acceptance of *Advise and Consent* by a number of reviewers in this country might almost delude me into thinking that some of my colleagues hadn't really done their homework. It is hard homework, God knows, until about page 170, when the Senatorial hearings begin: no trial scene, or its derivates, can ever flop, as every writer knows.

The story concerns the President's attempt to foist upon the Senate, as Secretary of State, a liberal called Leffingwell (Hiss model), who is not sound enough on Hard An-TI Communism. Old Seab Cooley, Senator for South Carolina (rough but good, strongly reminiscent of Joe McCarthy), gets Leffingwell smeared and traps him into lying about a left-wing discussion group in which he participated years ago. The young chairman of the committee, Brigham Anderson, turns against Leffingwell; whereupon the President (great but bad, model FDR) has *him* smeared, concerning a homosexual incident during the war, and Anderson commits suicide. The Senate, outraged (it seems to be OK to smear bad men but not good ones) votes against Leffingwell, the Russians land men on the moon, caddishly pipping the US by (a Presidential estimate) three days, the President dies, and somebody like Mr Truman takes over, preparing the way for the hero (model Robert A. Taft) to succeed him. Quite a yarn. And there is no doubt that when the yarn gets going, it does, despite its intolerable wafflings and repetitions, take a grip.

Now I am quite sure Mr Allen Drury is to be trusted completely on matters of Senate House procedure and Washington social life. Where everything else is concerned, I would as soon trust Billy Bunter on the *moeurs* of the modern public school. *Advise and Consent* is based, first of all, on the proposition that the West has an inherent technical military superiority over the Communist countries, a view nobody should have believed for the last ten years; the absurd top-level and Ambassadorial charade behind the Senate House front is conducted wholly in this light. Indeed, Mr Drury's conception of the diplomatic corps makes me blink when it doesn't make me shudder. The British Ambassador, Lord Maudulayne, who says 'old boy' while his lady exclaims, 'My!', reflects that 'in the presence of the British, it would be generations before any educated Indian could really relax, there would always be this self-conscious, faintly cringing relationship, and in spite of himself he felt a mild but satisfied contempt.' The majority leader of the Senate thinks of the Indian Ambassador as 'a snotty Hindu'. The Soviet Ambassador, a Demon King if ever there was one, makes an entry with 'his frumpy consort', contemplating '... people whom they despised, to whom they felt infinitely superior, and to whose destruction and that of their country the Ambassador and his lady were implacably and inescapably dedicated'. (This is not 1946, or even 1956: it is tomorrow.)

Advise and Consent thoroughly depresses me. It is politically repellent and artistically null with a steady hysterical undertone. The writing is pedestrian, full of 'with a sigh', 'with a laugh', 'he chuckled', 'she blushed', 'an expressive four-letter word', and adorned by great clumsy forays into the historic present. It is morally disquieting. It doesn't condemn the McCarthy technique, except when used

on characters of whom the author approves. There is not the smallest feeling for character (as apart from caricature), or for the workings of the political intellect. The political novel must be first and foremost about men, or it is nothing: Trollope, Disraeli, Hope, knew that. I cannot believe that *Advise and Consent*, which is being hugely read, and its backwoodsman principles widely assimilated, doesn't worry many of my American friends as much as it does me.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

New Novels

The Great Fortune. By OLIVIA MANNING. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

The Warm Nights Of January. By FRANK TUOHY. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

The Gold-Rimmed Spectacles. By GIORGIO BASSANI. *Faber.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Don Chato. By ANNE SINCLAIR MEHDEVI. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Summer Palace. By JEREMY GARDNER. *Faber.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Each one of Miss Manning's books – rare and encouraging manifestation in a world of ill-regulated flux – is better than the last. *The Great Fortune* is a serio-comic chronicle of life – semi-official Legation, British Council, near Bohemian, and native middle-class – in Bucharest during the war. Though self-contained, it is planned as the first panel of a Balkan triptych.

Most of it is seen through the eyes of Harriet, who has just come out, married to Guy, a delightful fuzzy quixotic person with unexpected patches of weakness and obstinacy. The persistence with which he sticks to his project for producing *Troilus and Cressida* in face of the steady worsening of the situation, so that the first night coincides with the fall of Paris, is characteristic both of him and of Miss Manning's approach. This, though essentially comic, is cool but sympathetic, naturalistic without any stylised dead-panning. All the familiar varieties of human folly in the Balkans at that time are observed, including, of course, the imbecile British diplomatic complacency on the one hand and clumsy cloak-and-dagger work on the other; but nothing and nobody, not even the blatantly ludicrous Yaki, the Russian-Irish émigré clown prince on the bum, is allowed to get out of hand. You get such a detailed picture of Rumanian society, haphazard, frivolous, iniquitous and indefensible, that you acquire quite a strong taste for it and regret that you will know what it was like during the German occupation and the sovietisation that followed. Harriet has her own problems coming from her discovery that Guy is not quite the rock that she fancied when she married him, but she is too calm and sensibly detached to get in a stew. Her private world blends smoothly with her public; she fulfils her function admirably as one of nature's quizzing-glasses. Miss Manning handles her crowded scene most skilfully, giving you a sense of change without obtruding her technique. The irony of the impending collapse is all the more effective for being played down.

The Warm Nights Of January is the kind of difficult exercise that one likes to see a writer of unusual promise set himself for his second novel. Keeping to Rio de Janeiro, with its disconcerting mixture of extreme multi-racial cosmopolitanism and that strangely dead and void provincialism which all acute observers discern at the heart of the Latin American atmosphere, Mr Tuohy has projected a unfamiliar set of characters with hardly an Anglo Saxon, Celt, or North American among them. This is a curious novel with unlikely affinities, a phantom junction where at moments it is: change here for Colette and D. H. Lawrence. The central situation is the relationship between Bella, a French woman painter of 37, and her lover, Hadriano, a naughty gay pseudo-sophisticated Brazilian Negro. Into this affair various friends – Alix, a masculine Russian countess; Lucille, a Frenchwoman married to an elderly Brazilian and obsessed with her own young lover; Mario, the dotty son of some South American ambassadress; Celestina, a Brazilian singer – put their oars with mildly disastrous consequences. The action takes place between Christmas and the Rio Carnival. Mr Tuohy conscientiously tea-tables and de-glamourises all the bedroom and street scenes that the tourist of fiction might have smacked his lips over, though he allows himself one exotic set-piece, a description of a voodoo ceremony in the countryside. Hadriano, the Negro playboy with his yearning for silly smartness and his contrary racial pull, is quite a lively character, but I was never able to feel Bella; there seemed to me to be some failure in transposition here. I find it difficult to be certain because I feel I may be allergic to Mr Tuohy; I realise that he is talented and intelligent above the ordinary, and he tells me all sorts of things I want to know about Brazil; yet I find him here rather hard work to read, a little too non-obvious and un-vulgar for me, perhaps, though I am in no doubt whatever that he is well worth taking trouble with.

Gracefully translated from the Italian by Isabel Quigly, *The Gold-Rimmed Spectacles* is a novella about a young Jewish intellectual's encounters over the years with Dr Athos Fadigati, the leading ear, nose and throat specialist of Ferrara. This plump charitable person is regarded as a pillar of respectability until rumours begin to spread about his homosexuality. He is atrociously treated by a young Frenchman and eventually commits suicide. The period covered is from the early days of Fascism until the late Thirties when Mussolini, in deference to Hitler, started introducing anti-semitism. The narrator succeeds very well in threading the story of poor old Fadigati in and out of the background of his own family life of the Italian-Jewish professional classes. Signor Bassani writes with serene sympathy and manages the elisions and jumps across the time-gaps with the kind of sureness that you might expect to find in some ivory-domed old master rather than a young novelist.

Don Chato is another doomed doctor, but a Spanish one and heterosexual. He lives debt-crippled in a small town in the south east of the peninsula, a tragic-comic figure on traditional lines, the lines of the *sangredos*, the surgeons of Spain renowned for their grotesquely lethal incompetence, tinctured with a dash of Don Quixote's megalomania. The trouble comes when an unexpected windfall enables him to cut a tiny dash on his fateful motorbike and he falls in love with Miss Eva, an American girl at the local tourist trap. Consequences all too disastrous, of course. Mrs Mehdevi tells her story in clear detail with zest and sympathy, but no sentimentality.

An English child's-eye view of an unusual experience, *Summer Palace* is a first novel, short and full of that almost amateurish pristine freshness which makes a puncturing

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impact. Peter Willow, hypersensitive son of a naval commodore, is living in Malta with his mother with whom his relations are unusually ambivalent. With other service families they are evacuated from the raids to a mouldering palace in the interior of the island. There they pass the almost unbearable summer in a state of increased tension in which all emotion seems heightened, and the nervous storms blot out the danger of bombing. The atmosphere is odd, almost at times as if the characters in one of those Edwardian children's classics had been given an injection of pentathol, yet extremely convincing. Everything that happens is scrupulously related from Peter's angle. There are some affinities, perhaps, with Denton Welch.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

In Miniature

Faber Library of Illuminated Manuscripts: The Great Lambeth Bible, intr. C. R. DODWELL; **The Rohan Book of Hours,** intr. JEAN PORCHER; **The Parisian Miniaturist Honoré,** intr. ERIC G. MILLAR; **The Benedictional of St Ethelwold,** intr. FRANCIS WORMALD. *Faber.* 25*s.* each.

The Baths of Pozzuoli. By C. M. KAUFFMANN. *Faber: Cassirer.* 45*s.*

Messrs Faber are to be congratulated on the new and slightly superior family which they have added to their series of 'Gallery' picture-books. The first four titles under review are the inaugural volumes, and they differ from the previous series in being rather smaller in format, bound in cloth, and in containing only eight colour-plates. This series is dignified by the name of 'Library', and with justification. It is edited by Walter Oakeshott, and the writers are among the most eminent scholars in the field of medieval painting. Their essays, though short and readable, are serious and comprehensive studies of the works with which they deal – and these are pictures of superlative quality, which are almost unknown to the general public. I suppose that nowhere is there such a store of great art latent as in the manuscript departments of our libraries, and the time seems ripe for their revelation. We no longer regard all pictures which are not set in the logic of linear perspective as quaint and childish, we begin to see that particular framework as the expression of a particular attitude towards time and space, one which is foreign and irrelevant alike to twentieth-century and to medieval thought. But the irrelevance of perspective is perhaps the only common characteristic which can be ascribed to all medieval illumination, which has a range of vision and vocabulary far greater than post-Renaissance painting; the extraordinary differences between the pictures in these books give an inkling of it.

The other common characteristic of miniature paintings is, of course, that of scale and technique. And here this series has a great advantage over the ordinary picture-book reproducing oil paintings or frescoes: these pictures were made to be held in the hand, and turned over page by page, and they are only fractionally reduced in reproduction and all the plates are in colour. I took the volume of the *Benedictional of St Ethelwold* to the British Museum to compare it with the original – a test which few colour-reproductions pass without reservation. In general the plates are too pink, distorting some blues and in some cases losing a green; something of the strength and precision of the drawing is destroyed by the process engraver's screen, as is the subtlety of the opaque paint and the strange white impasto of this manuscript; and of course the gold can only be indicated. But the strange vision of great static figures covered in jagged drapery among leafy arcade-frames and against swirls of heavenly clouds is here – for 25s; previously it was hidden in the original, and in the almost equally inaccessible Roxburghe facsimile.

The reader can choose according to his taste – which will certainly vary – between these books. The most striking is perhaps that of the *Grandes Heures de Rohan*, illustrated by an artist of the stature and intensity of religious feeling of Grünewald; the most charming, least unexpected, that of the Parisian Honoré. The introductions are also characteristic and diverse. Dr Millar's is very personal, about both the artist of the book and his friends the great antiquarians who discovered or wrote about it. Dr Dodwell's is that of the professional art-historian, whereas Monsieur Porcher presents his subject in a wider perspective. I like Professor Wormald's partly because it begins with a translation of the Latin poem in which the maker of the book himself says why it was made, and what he was trying to do. One looks forward to more of these books. The material is almost inexhaustible.

The Baths of Pozzuoli is an expanded Ph. D. thesis on the manuscript illustrated editions of a thirteenth-century poem, by Peter of Eboli, on the medicinal properties of thirty-five baths built (and much frequented) by the Romans, round the coast near Pozzuoli and Baia. The illustrations depict medieval people making use of them. The learned text includes information and new evidence on this recondite but rather fascinating subject.

NICOLETE GRAY

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Muller

Jeep and Camel

From Libyan Sands to Chad. By NIGEL HESELTINE. *Museum Press.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

Nowadays, thousands of day-trippers descend upon the Sahara, have aperitifs and a lobster lunch, a swim in a *piscine*, a look at the oil-derricks (to inspect their investments) and are back in Algiers for dinner. Travelling fairs, complete with roller-coasters, festoons of electric lights and electronic hurdy-gurdies, truck from oasis to oasis. Aircraft fly around like aerial taxis. Nevertheless, the toughest, dehydrated, camel-riding, *méhariste* will doff his kepi to any man who has been through the Tibesti. Such a man is Nigel Heseltine.

The Tibesti is (but not for long) off the beaten track, a wild, mountainous, still-mysterious region, on the way to equatorial Chad and the Sudan. It is true that Leclerc brought an army through there to fight at Bir Hakim and join in the defeat of Rommel; and that, only a few weeks ago, a truck-train on balloon tyres went through the mountains. But it is still largely unexplored and, in terms of its terrain and its indigenes, distinctly hazardous.

With all those tight-lipped prospectors and single-minded scientists now purposefully searching the Sahara for oil and minerals, it is refreshing to read a book which is practically purposeless – 'practically', because while Mr Heseltine was expressly interested in the Tibesti rock-pictures in which archaeologists and historians may find the clues to fill those reproachful gaps in African history, his accounts of them are tantalising and superficial. Even his opening of the prehistoric tomb to find bronze- and iron-age relics is just a stealthy adventure and a passing reference. Perhaps the most significant part of the book is a discussion, at second-hand, of the unknown outlets of the waters of Lake Chad. Northwards, underground? Then there is more fresh water under the Sahara than we even imagined.

No one grudges a desert enthusiast his pretext and Mr Heseltine can be forgiven the folly (in an experienced Saharan traveller) of trying to venture into the Tibesti in a single jeep, because, when the jeep packs up, the book becomes really interesting. He has to use camels. He loses his companion (an unnamed Mrs 'Arris character acquired from Lancashire through the agony column) who breaks his ribs and has to be sent back. Heseltine also sends back two of his Gorane guides and, at a critical part of the journey, is abandoned by the remaining guide. One sympathises with that guide and his unexplained departure because, with a hardihood of enthusiasm which professionals need not be expected to share, Heseltine had pushed on from the Tibesti to the Ennedi, nearer the Sudan, on camels which were a job-lot anyway.

His experiences lose nothing in the telling. And that is no reproach, because he writes well, with a capacity for colour as well as casualness. Perhaps, with all those theses being prepared, and with the AA able to provide a Saharan route, and Michelin the water-hole maps, this may be the last of the genuine Saharan adventure books.

RITCHIE CALDER

Sverdrup's Arctic Adventures is an adaptation of the explorer's *New Land* made by T. C. Fairley (Longmans, 30s.)

Shorter Reviews

A Potter in Japan. By BERNARD LEACH. *Faber*. 36*s*.

In the half-medieval Japan of half a century ago, Bernard Leach sat among the craftsmen, mastering the skills of throwing, firing and glazing pots, learning the rhetoric of the brush and the art of speaking (though not, curiously enough, of writing) Japanese. Back in Devon and Cornwall, at Dartington, at St Ives, he set an example of Zen-in-action which caused a major revolution in teaching methods. Eight years ago he returned to Japan to tour the studios and workshops. Fêted and photographed at every stop, he was profoundly shocked by the postwar changes he saw, the thumping cribs of the worst the Far West had to offer. In the towns he recoiled from the boys on the make and girls with their bleaches and crimps, the ceaseless percussion of *pachinko* and the inescapable gush of the radio sets 'turned on like forgotten taps'. Elsewhere there were many consolations for this outspoken and dedicated man.

His two-year journal, originally a simple-hearted cyclostyled report, sold out two editions in a Japanese translation and now solicits serious attention here. It will be read on the fringes of the arty-crafty world for its technical data on pots, its authoritative appraisals, its general gossip and shop. It should be read also by all who concern themselves with international affairs, with UNO and UNESCO problems; and particularly by that not negligible minority which combines an abhorrence of racial hatred with hatred of the Japanese. Mr Leach's friends, craftsmen all, were 'anti-militarist, uncommercial and cynical about politics' even before the war. Yet he criticises mercilessly general policies and particular selfseeking individuals. He is even full of hope for 'a new synthesis' of East-West qualities which he believes Japan is uniquely fitted to bring about. For the rest, his descriptive miniatures of rural Japan, in prose and verse, have all the enchantment and rhythmic vitality of the brush-drawings which decorate these pages.

H.G.P.

Cambridge Paperbacks and Others

One of the most hopeful developments in publishing in the last few years has been the extension of paperbacks into the province of the relatively expensive, scholarly book. Though pioneered in this country – by Pelicans – it has been in the United States that the main growth of the 'egghead paperback' has taken place, the immediate market being the enormous student population of America. There are now very encouraging signs of similar developments in this country. In 1958, Macmillans published in their paperback series, *St Martin's Library*, Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy* and the abridged *Golden Bough* in two volumes. Now, having already published a number of university textbooks in paperbacks, the Cambridge University Press is attempting to bring serious and scholarly books within the reach of a greatly increased public. The first six to be received are *The Protestant Tradition*, by J. S. Whale (13s. 6d.); *Greek Literature for the Modern Reader*, by H. C. Baldry (13s. 6d.); *Anglo-Saxon England*, by P. Hunter Blair (15s.); *The Medieval Scene*, by G. G. Coulton (10s. 6d.); G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica* (13s. 6d.); and J. Dover Wilson's *What Happens in Hamlet* (13s. 6d.).

American paperbacks of similar authority include *The Classic Theatre*, edited by Eric Bentley, Vol. III: *Six Spanish Plays* (Anchor Books: Mayflower, 12s.); Octavius Brooks Frothingham's *Transcendentalism in New England: Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, by J. H. Breasted; *Ancient Science and Modern Civilization*, by George Sarton (Harper Torch books: Hamish Hamilton, 14s., 16s., 7s. 6d. respectively); and *Walt Whitman's Poems*, edited by G. W. Allen and C. T. Davis (Grove Press: Calder, 14s. 6d.).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,562 **Set by L. Clarendon**

Competitors are invited to compose, in not more than 12 lines, a lullaby for a 1960 baby. Entries by 9 February.

Result of No. 1,559 **Set by Hecate**

The witches in *Macbeth* did pretty well with the nasty ingredients for their cauldron. Competitors are asked to suggest in not more than 16 lines of verse the ingredients a modern witch might use.

Report

Far be it from me to suggest that competitors had better look out or they will find themselves ducked in a near-by pond or weighed in a balance against the church Bible: certainly some of them know more about charms and incantations than they should. Eye-catching ingredients for the shelves of a witches' self-service store include – tail of Foreign Office kite (L. G. Udall), sifted sweepings of Lime Grove (Jim Parrott), paint that's daubed on synagogue (H. G. Taylor), feather of a battery hen (Vera Telfer), pony-tails from crooning 'sisters' (Gertrude Pitt), oil from dying seagull's wing (Geoffrey Hyde) and

> . . . belly of bee imbibing again
> Dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane (Macheath).

How I wish I could say:

> O, well done! I commend your pains
> And every one shall share i' the gains.

The first line must stand. Two guineas to Hilary and a guinea apiece to the others printed. Runners-up: Thena Heshel, E. O. Parrott, E. J. Barton, Martin Jordan, D. R. Peddy, Douglas Hawson.

Just published

SHOSTAKOVICH

Dmitry Rabinovich

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Illustrated *18s.*

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COMPANY MEETING

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

EXPANDING SCOPE OF OPERATIONS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS

The Annual General Meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited will be held on 19 February at the Head Office, 71, Lombard Street, London, EC3.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, The Rt Hon. Sir Oliver Franks, GCMG, KCB, CBE:

The profit for the year, at £3,424,614, is £697,079 higher than in 1958 and the dividends paid or proposed represent an effective increase of 2 per cent per annum.

The past year has been one of record activity in all branches of our business. It will be seen from the balance sheet that deposits have risen on the year by £80 millions to £1,377 millions, whilst loans and advances to customers show an increase of £121 millions; on the other hand, investments are lower by £51 millions. By far the greater portion of our increased lending has gone to trade and industry and has made its contribution to the renewed expansion of production. In the export field we continue to provide – as we have done for some years now – very substantial facilities by way of medium-term credit for the sale of capital goods overseas, and this section of our advances continues to grow in volume. After a long period of restriction we are happy, too, to be able to provide once again for the requirements of our private customers, although it is noteworthy that the increase here is relatively small judged by pre-war standards and represents a much lower percentage than formerly of our total advances.

Further steps were taken during the year towards full convertibility of the pound sterling, with a result that our overseas business has increased greatly in volume, particularly in the sphere of exchange operations.

The growth in banking business generally has resulted in a large addition to our circle of customers. We are delighted to see the steady widening of the use of banking services through more and more of the community. It has been necessary to increase our staff and the number of our branches; 28 were opened during the past year and further expansion is planned for the future, particularly in developing areas.

National Commercial Bank of Scotland Limited

The merger between the National Bank of Scotland Limited and The Commercial Bank of Scotland Limited was completed in September last. The National Bank of Scotland thereupon ceased to be a subsidiary of Lloyds Bank, and our shareholding therein was exchanged for shares representing approximately 37 per cent of the capital of the combined institution.

This is the first year in which our results have been affected by our investments in the field of hire purchase finance. These are now represented by our holding of almost 25 per cent of the equity capital of Bowmaker Limited and 50 per cent of the capital of Lloyds and Scottish Finance Limited, together with a further indirect interest in that company through our shareholding in the National Commercial Bank of Scotland Limited, which owns the remaining half of the capital.

During the year we have exercised our right under the scrip issue to take up additional shares in Bowmaker Limited, so that our participation in that company's equity remains unchanged at just under one-quarter of the whole. Together with the National Commercial Bank of Scotland Limited we have also subscribed during the year further capital to Lloyds and Scottish Finance Limited to finance the very substantial growth in that group's activities.

The cost to us of the investments in Bowmaker Limited and Lloyds and Scottish Finance Limited is £16,348,163, upon which we have received a satisfactory return, larger than could have been earned by the employment of these funds in ordinary banking operations. But here I must utter a word of caution. The amount involved is but a small proportion of the assets of the bank, and while we may, I think, confidently look for an increasingly useful return from this source, one must be careful not to exaggerate the potentiality of our investment in hire purchase finance in the perspective of the profitability of the operations of the bank as a whole.

Marrow from a Sex-Fiend's Cranium:
The merest *soupcon* of Uranium:
Offal from an Appendectomy:
Nun's left Foot from Borley Rectory,
And – a pleasure beyond PRICE –
CROWLEY'S Blood for extra spice!
VINCENT'S Ear, so neatly sheared:
Hair from Monty SUMMERS'S Beard:
Tip of Robert GRAVES'S Nose
Poking where no angel goes:
Udder of a Sacred Cow:
Wrinkle from a Sceptic's Brow:
Yolk of Egghead, firm and fresh:
Pound of Margaret MURRAY'S flesh:
A pinch of Salt within the pot –
And FRAZER'S Bough will stir the lot!

HILARY

Ear of blackleg, hep-cat's eye
Ravished when the moon is high,
Pinch of fall-out, pint of smog,
Whisker of a Sputnik dog,
Shred with lock of murderer's hair
Singed in the electric chair,
Gooseflesh from a nudist's flank,
Nostrum brewed by nature crank,
Nose of nark, and thumb from fist
Of a quack psychiatrist,
Add a test-tube infant's caul
Minced with anti-Semite's gall,
Hoodlum's disc that slipped when clout
Laid an aged widow out,
Sprinkle quicklime, stirring fast,
For a garnish at the last.

RHODA TUCK POOK

Round the pressure vessel go,
In the nasty compounds throw,
Macbeth's witches you can mimic,
But you need a modern gimmick:
Tycoon's liver, smoker's lung,
Politician's twisted tongue,
Perjured soul of copywriter,
Spleen of Notting Hill inciter,
Road-hogs, smut-hounds, and the swine
Who let us in for Channel Nine,
Make the mixture soft and treacly
With some shredded woman's weekly,
For a charm that's rich and gooey
Add some PRO's best hooey,
Finally, you strain the mess
Through the cheaper Sunday Press.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Into concrete mixer throw
Brick from shoddy bungalow,
Thrice three chunks of orange peel
Gathered from the beach at Deal,
Foot and hare untimely slain
On the outer traffic lane,
Cast-off paper from a toffee,
Cup of instantaneous coffee;
Then, with fag-end torn from lip,
Sexy film and comic strip,
Nucleus of hydrogen,
Thousandth egg of battery hen,
Paint-brush used for marking wall,
Thoroughly compound them all.
This charm, once set and left to stand,
Will cast a blight on any land.

BARBARA ROE

Round the telly rock and roll;
Throw into the crystal bowl
A recipe for modern life:
Rod and razor, cosh and knife,
Teenage sideboards, cheek of jiver,
Elbow of a drunken driver;
Leader from the *Daily Mail*,
Diary of Mrs Dale;
Parings from financier's claws*,
Hinge of politician's jaws;
Drop a crooner's phoney tear,
Empire sherry, bottled beer;
Pictures from the Sunday Press
Spicing up the ghastly mess:
Stir it, and distill therefrom
Target for an atom bomb!

A. M. ROBERTSON

*Alternatively spelt Clores

City Lights

Will You Come Into my Parlour?

The City's scholastics creaked suddenly back into action when Mr Butler dug up the Bank Rate a few years ago and have had angels dizzily doing competition dances on the points of their nibs ever since; the dazzled audience has been comfortably assured at the end of each performance that Bank Rate, underneath the complex surface glitter, is a human, everyday sort of thing and that we must all get used to the idea of it moving up and down quite frequently. So far, however, Bank Rate changes have remained relatively infrequent and nearly every one has been, in its own way, peculiar. The latest, the first change since Radcliffe, is as peculiar as any of them.

The journalists were fun, of course – the outsiders proclaiming that it came as a complete surprise, those who must write as if they knew what was happening behind the scenes insisting that the only surprise lay in the timing; the two reactions, since an increase has been theoretically feasible for some months past, are not so diffierent as they look. The market was more fun still; after tossing its bullet head in surprise for a moment, it went on just as it had been going before. I don't understand it, old bullet-head muttered, and I don't suppose they do, and prices have been going up for so long and all my friends have been making so much money that I'd be silly to bother, and there seems to be a lot of other chaps like me and the market *is* higher now than it was before, so what?

The most interesting thing, however, about this particular change in Bank Rate was the way in which Grandma went about explaining it. Quite a number of people in the City, despite the newspapers, were expecting it to go up fairly soon. The two things which have always made the old lady fretful are a persistent loss of gold and a speculative atmosphere; higher interest rates abroad have been dribbling away the gold reserves for the past couple of months and the atmosphere could scarcely be more speculative – the stock market boom, in particular, has provoked disapproving comments not only from Mr Cobbold last autumn but from several of the bank chairmen in the past few weeks. An increase in Bank Rate, therefore, has been on the cards for some time: the only reason for postponing it, one assumed, was the Treasury's reluctance to see Britain going through a complete business cycle without picking up one or two new factories on the way. But last week the Board of Trade issued some figures which suggested that British businessmen had recovered their will to live since the election and that investment expenditure by manufacturing industry was to be 16 per cent higher this year than in 1959; Grandma, one now assumed, would claim this as her green light, and Bank Rate would go up fairly soon; it went up, in fact, immediately. But the interesting point is the way in which the increase was explained. It is fairly obvious, reading between the lines of the respectable newspapers, that the usual people were summoned and presented with a line – namely, that Bank Rate would not have been raised

for external reasons alone but that the internal economic situation had become sufficiently redolent of inflation to make a rise necessary. Nobody, so far as I know, has accepted this line. Nobody is anxious to abandon a hypothesis about Grandma's instinctive reactions which produces such good predictions in practice, and few people seem to have her keen nose for domestic inflation; the Treasury, of course, with the benefit of better figures about industry's order-books than are published, may be worried about Sir Roy Harrod and what he said about the last investment boom, but nobody has suggested that Grandma frets about inflation in quite that sort of way. Most people have simply assumed that she acted on instinct and rationalised her feelings afterwards. Mr Maudling, at least, who happened to be in America and unaware of any rationalising that was going on, made no bones about putting the Bank Rate increase down to the position of sterling and the rise in international interest rates; even Mr Amory, stepping more cautiously, put external before internal reasons.

Two points shout. The first is that, if there is to be an official explanation of a change in Bank Rate – and there surely must be if people are to know where they are and make a reasonable guess about what is coming next – it should be made explicitly. The old-fashioned method of handing an official line personally to a few selected journalists is bad for Grandma (since the favoured few will often be too shy to ask rude questions face to face), unfair to the unfavoured many (and to the readers they must attempt to inform), and unfairer still to the favoured. Old Grandma, like everyone else, must talk, and argue, and explain, and swap confidences with anyone she likes, but satellites are unreliable allies; official explanations of policy, in any case, should be explicit and supplied to everybody.

The second point is this. Bank Rate changes have until now been a psychological weapon, intended primarily to impress credulous foreigners. But the latest change has been put over, ingenuously or not, as a domestic measure, and the quasi-metaphysical soupiness which distinguishes all foreign exchange matters is quite out of place when it comes to economic policy at home. If Bank Rate is to be put up for domestic reasons, people want to be told in some detail where the strain is falling on the economy and how a 1 per cent increase in certain short-term rates is expected to relieve the strain without affecting the investment – mainly in cars and steel – which is now some years overdue. Instinct may still pass for dealing with foreigners, but not for anything better documented. The stock market, to take the most obvious and least important example, has obviously not known what to make of the latest change in Bank Rate. Most people in the City assume that the government is planning an unexciting Budget and hoping that HP and credit sprees will die down of their own accord, but nobody can live for ever on assumptions. It is time for the decision-takers in Whitehall to abandon their easy, metaphorical, common-man stuff and try to provide a reasoned explanation for their decisions. It will be undignified, of course – we all know the appalling ignorance on which most decisions are based and the appalling mistakes which inevitably occur; but the general public has a right to know the lines along which the thoughts of the decision-takers are moving.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 533. A Leaf out of Bronstein's

His book? Well, not every innovation of Bronstein's has come to be accepted book knowledge for it may well require the master's very own brilliancy and daring to see the thing through.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, Kt-B3; (4) Kt-Kt5, P-Q4; (5) PxP, Kt-QR4; (6) P-Q3, P-KR3; (7) Kt-KB3, P-K5; (8) PxP !?!, KtxB;

This dangerous though probably not quite sound sacrifice was successfully attempted by Bronstein some time ago, and one of our regular competitors, M. P. Furmston, showed some pluck in repeating the venture in a correspondence game.

(9) Q-Q4, Kt-Kt3; (10) P-B4, B-Kt5 ch; (11) B-Q2, Q-K2; (12) P-K5, B-QB4; (13) Q-Q3, Kt-Kt5; (14) O-O, BxP! ch; (15) K-R1 !

To accept would jeopardise the QBP after . . Q-B4 ch. Black has defended well, but after many vicissitudes fortune favoured Furmston's bravery. Having exhausted, though, the game's theoretical interest we might as well turn to another interesting game sent in by A. Hall. He won it in a skittle against one of the Oxford top-board players.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) B-R4, Kt-B3; (5) O-O, B-K2; (6) R-K1, P-QKt4; (7) B-Kt3, P-Q3; (8) P-B3, Kt-QR4; (9) B-B2, P-B4; (10) P-KR3, Q-B2; (11) P-Q4, B-Q2; (12) P-QR4, O-O; (13) QKt-Q2, BPxP; (14) PxP, KR-B1; (15) B-Kt1, PxRP; (16) B-R2, P-R3; (17) Kt-B1, B-B3; (18) P-Q5, B-Kt4; (19) Kt-Kt1?!, KtxP; (20) Kt-B5, Kt-B4; (21) B-K3, Kt-Q6; (22) Q-Q2!, B-B1; (23) BxP, PxB; (24) KtxP ch, BxKt; (25) QxB, KtxR; (26) RxKt, B-Q6; (27) KtxP!, PxKt; (28) P-Q6, Q-Q2; (29) R-K3, resigns.

Another well deserved chessbook voucher goes to A. J. Roycroft who while stationed in Paris for some time cannot find the leisure to climb our ladder as consistently as he does when at home. He sent me this position achieved in the *Cercle de Caissa. . ./* 3r4 / 5p1k / ppr4p / 4P3 / 1P3P2 / P2pkt1BP / 3R4 / 6RK/. White played (1) B-R4 and Roycroft countered . . .R-B7!, the idea being (2) RxR, PxR; (3) BxR, Kt-Q8; (4) B-B6, P-KR4; and wins; the actual sequel was (2) B-B6, P-KR4; (3) BxR, RxR; (4) BxP, Kt-B4; (5) P-QR4, R-K7; (6) P-Kt5, P-Q7; (7) B-B2, RxB; (8) P-Kt6, Kt-Kt6 ch; (9) Resigns.

And here's a game position sent in by Dr P. C. Wason who forced a neat mate in seven. /8/5k1p/4p1pP / 1ppp1p3 / 3ktP3 / 3P3Q / KPq2r2 / 3Kt2R1/. Black won by (1) . . .Q-R5 ch; (2) K-Kt1, Kt-Kt6; (3) KtxR, Q-R8 ch; (4) K-B2, Kt-Q5 ch; (5) K-Q2(best), QxP ch; (6) K-Q1, Q-B7 ch; (7) K-K1, Q-K7 mate.

A rates 5 points this time, though quite easy enough for beginners. It is a draw and as home-made as it ought to be in a "Reader's Own" week, and it is the author's first attempt at composition. B and C are wins for White, and very pretty too; the only outsiders this week. Usual prizes. Entries by 8 February.

A: Cedric Sells 1959

B: T. B. Gorgiev: /1/k3b2/4B2K/5r2/16/R7/16/.
C: P. Heuäcker 1959: /2q4k/2pR1P2/2p5/B7/4p3/8/6K1/7kt/.

REPORT ON NO. 530. Set 9 January

A: (1) K-R3!, K-R3; (2) Q-B1 ch, K-R2; (3) Q-B2, P-R3; (4) Q-Kt1!, QxQ stalemate.

B: (1) K-R7!, P-R5; (2) K-Kt6, P-R6; (3) K-Kt5, P-R7; (4) K-Kt4!, P=Q; (5) K-Kt3 and wins since, thanks to the uncaptured KtP Black lacks the resource of . . . Q-KR1. If (1) . . P-Kt4; (2) K-Kt6, P-Kt5; (3) K-Kt5!, P-Kt6; (4) K-R4, P-Kt7; (5) K-R6 and wins since, thanks to the uncaptured P the stalemate resource (5) . . . K-R8; (6) RxP is missing.

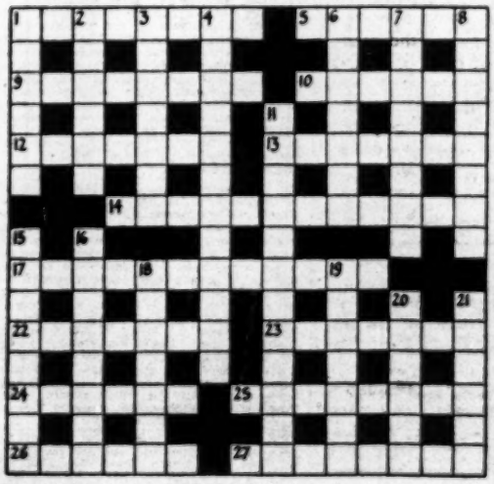
C: (1) Kt-Q3, P=Q; (2) Kt-B4 ch, K-R7; (3) R-R8 ch, K-Kt8; (4) Kt-K2 ch, K-Kt7; (5) R-Kt8 ch, K-R7 (best); (6) K-B2!, Q-QR8; (7) R-Kt5!! and wins since . . . Q-R2 ch is countered by (8) K-B3; . . . K-R6 by (8) Kt-Kt1 ch; and . . . Q-KR1 by (8) R-Kt2 ch, followed by Kt-B4 ch, etc.

Many stumped by B, more by C. Only five correct solutions. Prizes: R. C. Chaturvedi, M. P. Furmston, J. R. Harman, C. Sansom, A. J. Sobey.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 390

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 390, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 9 February.



ACROSS

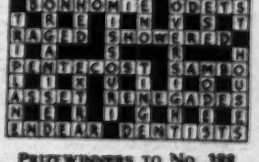
1. Good-looking sailors love me (8).
5. Bracidas' brother or a rich king (6).
9. Kind of spoon used for eating quince (8).
10. Cancel an appointment with waves? (6).
12. A letter against wine (7).
13. This is at Wimbledon and elsewhere and the rest are in the north of France (7).
14. Without it the country would serve as a powerful intellectual force (5, 7).
17. Turns red as Indians about the spoiling of a dinner (12).
22. The team always comes with style (7).
23. Man of violence backed up in short exchanges (7).
24. Expenditure which is a mere song if not dismissed (6).
25. Fish for evidence of a woman's engagement and marriage (8).
26. Astrophel (6).
27. Books in which a footnote is revised (8).

DOWN

1. Possibly a chore for a poet (6).
2. Messenger caught in the reconstitution of the union (6).
3. The bowler would do for a Middlesex place if uncapped (7).
4. Soup which is finally a brownish colour (12).
6. Composer whose variations are not in time (7).
7. In his mother's absence the guide would become a monster (8).
8. Hurrying to compose a poem about the rising waters (8).
11. Vice of one who 'meanly admires mean things' (12).
15. They carry logs and give one a warning of danger in bad visibility (8).
16. Under the grave perhaps (8).
18. Unscrupulous contest revealing the opposite of skill in a people (7).
19. Thrill in the tenth rally (7).
20. 'I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a ——' (*M. of V.*) (6).
21. Grips in which doctors hold artists (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 388



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ATOMIC WEAPONS RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT,

FOULNESS, ESSEX.

To perform general library duties and undertake literary searches and the preparation of scientific bibliographies.

The minimum qualification is GCE in five subjects including English language at 'O' level and two mathematical or scientific subjects at 'A' level, or equivalent qualifications.

Applicants without previous experience wishing to make a career in librarianship will be considered for this post. However, the possession of the Associateship of the Library Association or Pass Degree in a scientific subject or experience in a special library would be an advantage.

The successful applicant will be expected to undertake part-time study for the Library Association examination unless he or she is already qualified.

Salary: £420 (at age 18) — £740 (at age 26 or over) — £905.

Contributory Superannuation Scheme. *A house, or substantial assistance with house purchase, will become available for married officers living beyond daily travelling distance.

Postcards for application forms to the Senior Recruitment Officer, AWRE, Aldermaston, Berks.

Please quote ref. A.2406/331.

SURREY COUNTY FEDERATION OF YOUNG FARMERS' CLUBS

Applications are invited for the post of ORGANISING SECRETARY to the above Federation.

Applicants must have a keen interest in youth work and country life. Knowledge of agriculture will be an advantage. Salary Scale £770 x £27 10s. to £1,070 for men and £770 x £22 to £980, plus equal pay increments, for women. Own car essential; travel allowance. Further detls. & application forms from County Chairman, Surrey Federation of YFC's, 1 Wellington Pl., Woodbridge Rd, Guildford.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

SENIOR SCIENTIFIC OFFICERS (a): SCIENTIFIC OFFICERS (b).

Pensionable posts for men and women in all major scientific fields, including physics, chemistry, biology, meteorology, mathematics.

Specially needed are:

CHEMISTS for research in reaction kinetics.

BOTANIST for study of bryophyta.

PHYSICIST / RADIO BIOLOGIST (Fisheries).

PHYSICISTS/ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS for research in the application of servo-control for machine tools.

Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally, for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g. post-graduate) experience. Normal age limits: (a) between 26 and 32, (b) between 21 and 29, with extension for regular Forces Service and Overseas Civil Service. London salaries (men): (a) £1,233-£1,460, (b) £655-£1,150; provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for appln. form, quoting (a) S53/60 (b) S52/60.

TEACHERS FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary and elementary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia for September 1960. Qualified secondary teachers in particular are required.

Applicants should be under the age of 45 years and must have completed a formal course of teacher-training or hold a diploma in Education. For secondary school certification, applicants must hold also a recognized University degree or equivalent. Those interested should write immediately to Mr B. M. Hoffmeister, Agent General, British Columbia House, 1 Regent St, London, SW1, for particulars and applications. Interviews with a representative who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia will be arranged in February, March and April for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined.

CUMBERLAND EDUCATION COMMITTEE

FURTHER EDUCATION TUTORS

The Authority is continuing the extension of its provision for formal and informal further education, and is particularly concerned about the needs of young people leaving school. Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates, preferably graduates, for four additional appointments as FURTHER EDUCATION TUTORS, in the Brampton, Maryport, Penrith and Wigton areas of the County. Preference will be given to candidates with varied experience in further education.

Each tutor will be based on a recently built secondary school. Subject to the guidance of the head of the school, who will exercise a general oversight of further education activities in the area, the tutor will be in day-to-day charge of the principal further education centre and will assist in the development and general organisation of formal and informal educational and social activities in a defined area around the school. The appointments offer considerable scope for persons of initiative and enthusiasm, who are keen to take part in the development of further education.

The salary for each post will be in accordance with Grade 'B' of the Burnham Scales for teachers in establishments for further education, (Men — £700 × £27 10s. and one final increment of £37 10s. to £1,150; Women — £630 × £22 and one final increment of £26 to £920 with equal pay adjustment) with additions for degree and training.

Car allowance will be payable in accordance with an appropriate county scale.

Forms of application (to be returned by 8 February 1960) and further particulars may be obtained from me.

GORDON S. BESSEY
Director of Education
5 Portland Square
Carlisle

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Several new appointments of trained and qualified social workers will shortly be made at provincial prisons. Salary as for Probation Service. Enquiries are invited by General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1. VICtoria 9717/9.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GLASGOW THE UNIVERSITY

Applications are invited for the post of Tutor in the Department of Extra-Mural Education: the person appointed will have teaching and organising duties in the West of Scotland. Salary scale £900-£1,650; initial salary according to experience and qualifications; FSSU and family allowance benefits.

Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the University Court, The University, Glasgow, W2 to whom applications should be returned by 22 February.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM HOUSING MANAGEMENT DEPARTMENT

ASSISTANT MATRON

required for Ruskin House Residential Hostel, St Mary's Row, Birmingham, accommodating up to 80 women. Salary £300 per annum plus quarters and full board. Pensionable. Medical Examination. Applications in writing, giving details of experience, etc., to:

J. P. MACEY,
Housing Manager,
Bush House, Broad Street, Birmingham, 1.

FAMILY REHABILITATION CENTRE AT CROWLEY HOUSE

Wooley Park Road,
Selly Oak, Birmingham 29

(under the control of the Committee of the Middlemore Homes).

RESIDENT SOCIAL WORKER. This appointment provides opportunity for intensive family case work as mothers with a variety of family problems are in residence with their children for up to four months, and fathers stay at week-ends.

The successful candidate will work with a team of trained social workers. Attractive staff accommodation is provided in a newly built self-contained wing.

Salary will be according to recognised scales.

For further particulars apply to: The Secretary, address as above.

COMMERCIAL VEHICLES ABLE AND ENTERPRISING MECHANICAL ENGINEER

New Developments present opportunity for an experienced engineer to join congenial team in expanding and progressive firm of specialised Commercial Vehicle Manufacturers. Adaptable and interested in dealing with a wide range of mechanical problems. Motor Industry exper. essential. We offer a good salary, pleasant conditions, Pension Scheme, housing and removal assistance if required.

SMITH'S
DELIVERY VEHICLE GROUP,
TEAM VALLEY,
GATESHEAD ON TYNE 11.

BOURNEMOUTH.

ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SCHOOL OF ENGLISH.

Recognised as Efficient by the Ministry of Education.

(ENGLISH TO ADULT CONTINENTAL STUDENTS)

Limited number of temporary teachers, full-time and part-time, preferably male, required April till Autumn. Recent university training or equivalent experience, including Translation, Direct Method, Literature or Commerce. Dip. Ed. not essential but an advantage. Good knowledge of French and/or Spanish etc. Interest and enthusiasm essential. Initiative welcome. Excellent conditions of work. Class and individual tuition. Interviews February-mid-March.

Applications with photograph, to the Directors, Anglo-Continental School of English, 31-33 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, Hants.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

Ambitious young women embarking on a secretarial career are invited to come and see us. From a wide circle of clients in the professions and in commerce, a happy choice would most probably result.

STELLA FISHER BUREAU

436 Strand, Charing Cross, WC2.

TEM. 6644.

Licensed Annually by LCC. Member of the Employment Agents' Federation.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should have a post-graduate qualification and special interest and experience in One of the following fields: (1) Psychology or young children; (2) Methods of teaching Chemistry or Physics; (3) Methods of teaching Biological Sciences. Teaching experience in Secondary Schools is essential. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Queensland, St Lucia, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Applications close in Australia and London on 15 February, 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Deputy Librarian. Applications are invited from Honours Graduates with suitable experience in an academic Library for the newly created post of Deputy Librarian in the University of Western Australia. Salary: £A2,150/£2,500 p.a. Conditions of appointment and general information are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Western Australia and London, on 30 March, 1960.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the Family Welfare Association of Manchester and Salford invite applications for the appointment to the post of Tutor-Caseworker. The salary will be £800 per annum, with membership of the FSSU. Applications should be sent not later than 20 February, 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BBC requires Programme Assistant, Hebrew Section, in London. Duties include translation from English into Hebrew and reading news bulletins and talks in Hebrew at the microphone. Wide general knowledge, interest in current affairs and ability to write commentaries and scripts on such affairs and on cultural topics, good educational background and first-class Hebrew and English essential. Experience in radio work an advantage. Selected candidate will be required to pass voice and translation tests and to write an essay. Appointment will be either (a) to the permanent staff at salary of £935 p.a. rising by five increments to £1,185 p.a. (salary up to £1,580 p.a. can be earned by promotion on merit), or (b) limited appointment for three years at salary of £1,085 p.a. This form of appointment also carries promotion on merit. Detailed applications, indicating a preference for type of appointment, to Appointments Officer, BBC Broadcasting House, London, W1, marked G.1418 N. Stm. within seven days. Please enclose addressed envelope for notice of result.

BBC requires Children's Hour Organiser in Glasgow. Duties: initiation, production and presentation of Children's Programmes—both Sound and, to a lesser extent, Television, and programme budgeting. The output comprises a wide range of programmes including plays, music, talks and stories, and requires the reading and critical assessment of submitted and commissioned material. Necessary qualifications: good cultural background; knowledge of children's tastes and requirements; an appreciation of the arts generally; experience of radio and television production; visual sense; an acceptable microphone voice. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.34 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Music Assistant in Manchester. Work involves investigation and stimulation of musical resources throughout North Region, and production of music programmes of all kinds, including symphonic orchestral programmes and recitals. Sound general and musical education essential. Successful candidate will be responsible for the organisation of his work to Head of North Regional Music. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.35 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant, Manual Staff Administration in Engineering Establishment Department. Candidates, preferably aged 28-40 and with good academic qualifications, should have about five years' experience in Personnel Department of a large organisation with experience of conditions of service and Trade Union relations affecting manual staff. High degree of discretion and judgment and sympathetic understanding of personal problems of staff essential. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.37 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

TEACHERS of English to Foreigners, graduates preferred, full and part-time, required immediately. Apply Box 1864.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Assistant (female), Field-work Section, Audience Research Department. Duties include some office work but consist mainly of training and supervising part-time interviewers, men and women, engaged on the continuous countrywide survey of listening and viewing. Considerable travelling is involved and much of the time will be spent outside London. Candidates should be capable of giving clear and easily understood instructions to people of many different kinds. Good knowledge of BBC programmes and some practical experience in training of staff or in market research interviewing desirable. Salary £675 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £875 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.43 N.Stat.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Welfare Officer with recent practical experience, and preferably with social science qualification, required to work in Public Health Department in connection with prevention of venereal disease. Duties involve attendance at hospital VD clinic in Paddington and following up of defaulters. £679 (at age 24)-£884, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and application form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/42), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 8 February.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd initially at Hornsey Child Guidance Clinic. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical 'A' Scale (£610-£845 per annum plus London Weighting). Part-time considered. Application forms and further details from Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Crouch End, N8, returnable by 25 February. Prescribed conditions. (Quote B.842 N.S.).

COUNTY Council of Essex. Married Couple, as Housefather and Housemother, required to take charge of mixed Home for 16 children in Chelmsford. Applicants must have previous experience or training in residential work with children. Salaries: Housefather £490-£570 p.a. and Housemother £440-£540 p.a. plus £30 each if certificated, less £120 each board and lodging. Apply Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

COUNTY Borough of Reading. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Child Care Officer, Salary APT1 (£610 to £765) starting point according to experience and qualifications. Home Office Child Care Certificate (Visiting Officers) or Social Science qualification essential. Further particulars and application form from Children's Officer, 22 Market Place, Reading to whom completed applications should be returned within three weeks of this advertisement.

MID Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. High Wick, Tyttenhanger, near St Albans, Herts. Child Psychotherapist (non-medical) required for work with psychotic and severely maladjusted children aged 4-11 at the above Unit within reasonable distance of Central London. Seven sessions, or less considered. Candidate may be required to participate in training house staff. Salary £2 per session, plus travelling allowance. Whitley Council conditions of service. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience to Dr George Stroh, Consultant Psychiatrist-in-Charge. (NS).

DUNCROFT', Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex (Approved School for Senior Girls). Applications are invited for the post of Relief Instructress at the above school which accepts girls of good intelligence who are in need of psychiatric treatment. Salary scales, which include equal pay increments, according to qualifications and experience. Board/lodging is provided at a charge of £135 per annum. Forms of application from the Correspondent, NAMH, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

WARDEN and Housemother wanted in April for Frances Mary Buss House, Bow. Residential post suitable for married couple. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Apply with full particulars and references to Secretary, Society of the Frances Mary Buss House, North London Collegiate School, Canons, Edgware, Mdx.

PREPARATION for Retirement. Interesting pioneer three-year appointment with National Old People's Welfare Council. Scope for promotional work for man or woman with degree, initiative and personality. Educational or public/industrial relations experience advantage. Salary £1,000 p.a. S.a.e. marked 'OPW' for application form to National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, WC1. Closing date 22 February.

MITCHAM Citizens' Advice Bureau: Assistant Social Worker (woman) wanted; interesting job including some old people's welfare and work for disabled people. Social work experience essential. Salary £579 p.a. plus London Allowance £30. Further particulars from the Secretary, 326 London Road, Mitcham. Closing date 8 February.

SWALCLIFFE Park School, Nr Banbury, Oxon. Applications are invited from qualified teachers for an appointment to be made to the staff of this independent special school for maladjusted boys. Full details from the Principal.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Warden of Hytten Hall. Applications are invited for the position of Warden of Hytten Hall, a residential college for men students. The total remuneration will be within either the range for Senior Lecturers—£A2,150-60-£2,510 or for Readers — £A2,560-60-£2,800 p.a. according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. The Warden will also be a member of the academic staff of the University and will be accorded academic status (Reader, Senior Lecturer or Lecturer) commensurate with his qualifications and experience. Further information is available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close on 14 March, 1960.

SOUTHERN Television require an Announcer/Newcaster, aged 25 to 40, for their Southampton Studio. Applicants should possess an authoritative personality, good appearance and voice, and preferably have radio or TV experience. Apply, with photograph, to Head of Presentation, Southern Television, Southampton.

THE Central Council for the Care of Cripples invites applications from women between the ages of 35-45 with suitable qualifications for the post of Assistant Development Officer. Commencing salary £560 plus travelling and subsistence allowances. Applicants should have some knowledge of Local Government and experience in organisation. Applications stating age, experience and qualifications, giving names of two referees, to be sent not later than 5 February to the Secretary, 34 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

RADIOGRAPHER. Young man (21/25) required in Radiographic section of APV Laboratories for examination of Foundry products. Minimum qualifications GCE 'O' level Maths and Science and one year Industrial Radiography, pref. in Foundry. Salary according age and exp. Applications, stating age, experience and salary req'd should be sent to Personnel Officer, The APV Co. Ltd, Crawley, Sx.

ASSISTANT Editorship, Architects' Journal offers exceptional opportunity for initiative to a man deeply interested in architecture and planning and able to contribute to editorial policy of a traditionally independent and outspoken journal. Apply Executive Editor, The Architects' Journal, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

LIBRARIAN required to take charge of Society's Library. Independent part-time post (about 25 hours weekly). Pleasant conditions. Salary £350 p.a. or somewhat more, according to qualifications. Acquaintance with science and languages an advantage. Applications with particulars to Assistant Secretary, Royal Astronomical Society, Burlington House, London, W1, by 10 February.

THE Workers' Educational Association West Midland District. Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Organising-Tutor in South Staffordshire. Salary £650-£1,200. Details and application forms (please enclose s.a.e.) from R. P. B. Davies, MA, WEA District Office, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

PUBLICITY Assistant. A young arts graduate is required by a large engineering group with offices in the London area to fill a vacancy in the Public Relations section of its Publicity Department. The work calls for a developed ability to write with style and clarity on both general and technical subjects and to mix with people at all levels. It involves liaison with the press, administrative work on exhibitions, and other public relations activities. Starting salary £800-£950 according to experience & qualifications. Write Box 1879.

NON-manual Trade Union has an early vacancy on its Headquarters' staff for an official, male or female, to edit its monthly journal 'The Bank Officer' and to undertake the preparation of publicity material, press releases and research work. Commencing salary according to qualifications but not less than £750 p.a. Generous pension scheme and holiday arrangements. The appointment will be probationary in the first instance. Apply with full particulars of experience to National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen Street, London, SW1.

THE Workers' Educational Association, West Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of District Secretary of The West Midland District. Salary scale £750 x £50-£1,250; starting salary according to experience and qualifications. Details (please enclose s.a.e.) from R. P. B. Davies, MA, WEA District Office, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

AN OPENING occurs for young man to train for responsible position on the administrative staff of firm of book printers in SE England. Previous experience in printing an advantage but not essential. Box 1863.

YOUNG lady, well-educated, good driver, reqd either full- or part-time as itinerary saleswoman to sell educational books. Excel. remuneration. Box 1933.

EDUCATIONAL exchange organisation requires administrative assistant. Shorthand, typing and first-class German essential. Commencing £400/£450, regular increments. Small office, pleasant conditions, int. work. Full details to Box 1711.

FAMILY caseworker for Tyneside reg. by the Northumberland & Tyneside Council of Social Service. Social Science qualification desirable. Apply with names of two referees to Secretary, 17 Ellison Place, Newcastle, 1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of paid Secretary (full-time or part-time) to the North West Region of CND. Duties would commence in mid-February if it could be so arranged. Applications to Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 14 Tib Lane, Manchester 2, by 6 February.

VALUABLE Careers: Creative Leisure. Hillcroft offers women over twenty a year's residential course in liberal, social and cultural subjects for personal development or as foundation for training for teaching, social work, etc. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Grants available. Consult Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

A LECTURER-demonstrator is required immediately to give a course of 22 lectures covering the Ordinary level Chemistry syllabus for July 1960, to a small group of public school boys. Applicants should have a good honours degree in Chemistry and should be thorough and enthusiastic. The position could be permanent. Apply: the Secretary, B. and W. Tutors, 2 Sandrock Road, Tunbridge Wells.

PART-time or Full-time teacher English for Foreigners wanted West End School. Experience of Beginners and knowledge of foreign languages an advantage. Write Box 1925.

EDITORIAL Assistant wanted for varied and responsible work on crystallographic compilations. A chemical background helpful. Alternatively previous library or editorial experience. Possibility of working for an M.Sc. degree. Sal. £750 p.a. with superannuation benefits. Please apply in writing to The Editor, Mrs O. Kennard, National Institute for Medical Research, London, NW7.

PRODUCTION Assistant with progressive ideas on typography and weekly technical journalism required for layout and production of the Architects' Journal. Apply Executive Editor, The Architects' Journal, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

ASSISTANT for library required for 15 hours weekly during term time (mainly evenings) in Institute providing courses in literature, languages, history, music, art, drama etc. 6/3s. 8d. gross if 25 or over. Write by 8 February giving age, experience, etc. to Principal, City Literary Institute, Stukeley St, WC2. (128).

KODAK Ltd require advertising copywriter. Experience not necessary but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application to Personnel Department, (25) Kodak Ltd, Kingsway, London, WC2.

CHEMISTRY & Physics. Graduate Women Tutors required London, W1. Chemistry from Feb. Physics from April. Part- or fulltime. Write Box 1766.

PUBLISHERS seek editorial/publicity assistant. Typing essential. Production knowledge of value. Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, SW7.

SECRETARY to editor of national newspaper needs assistant. Commonsense and amiability needed, but not journalistic ambition. Starting salary 11 gns. Write Box 1911.

SECRETARY/Personal Assistant required. Graduate preferred. Shorthand typing and filing impeccable. Figure work competent. Interest in accounts, economics, left politics, quality catering, historical romance and research, either present or potential. Desire for routine non-existent. Youthful, hardy, no ties. Commencing £600 p.a. plus lunches. Box 1879.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Female) 18-25 required for interesting work in Economic and Research Department of offices of Trade Union. Good salary and conditions. 5-day week. Staff Canteen and Superannuation. Please reply in writing to the Secretary, National Union of Mineworkers, 222, Euston Road, London, NW1.

PART-time (evenings) receptionist/typist, knowledge of German, reqd St Giles' School of Languages, 63 Oxford St, W1.

SHORTHAND-Typist wanted by Jewish Publishing Company. Good references required. Write Box 1714.

WELL-known West End Employment Agency invites applications from men/women of personality interested in opening typing/duplicating division. Latest equipment available, share of profits, solicitor's agreement, investment £500-£1,000. Details of age, experience etc., please, to Box 1888.

SHORTHAND-typist with interest in social welfare among mining communities required as Personal Assistant to Chief Officer of the Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation. Office near Victoria Station. 5-day week. Superannuation Scheme. Salary rising to £665 p.a. Apply 5 Hobart Place, SW1.

EXPERIENCED first class part-time secretary (3 half days) required by academic organisation. Box 1831.

PART-time Book-keeper/typist (woman). PAYE, reqd for small West End secretarial bureau. Good salary. Box 1991.

BAKER Street. Best posts at Aster Agcy, 231 Baker St, NW1. WELbeck 3582.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NEW Statesman requires junior in classified advertisement department. 5-day week. 'Phone Secretary, HOL. 8471.

PRIVATE Sec. 22/30, for head of Public Relns concern. £850 & L.V's. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0876.

PERSONAL Secretary (lady) required by General Secretary of Professional Association, Bloomsbury district. Good education, qualified in shorthand and typewriting. Write Box 1835.

IN the red — or feeling blue? Take tea, a chat and a job from the Winifred Johnson Bureau and you'll soon be feeling 'in the pink'. 114 Holborn (next to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

OPERATION Opus. Secretaries and other ranks strategically deployed. Target area: The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

THE Better job for the Better girl. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1. (opp. Dickens & Jones). HYD. 6471.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BSc. (Econ.) reqs clerical work of any kind evenings only. Box 1386.

AM. with MA., art director Paris Rec. Co., sks similar post, suggestions, in more agreeable climate. Box 1773.

EXPD secy, fluent French, own typewriter, avail. part-time. PARk 7095.

YOUNG German lady (25) establishing residence London, positively anti-Nazi, desires perm. secretarial post. Thorough legal & commercial background Germany/England, compl. bilingl. Avl. im. Box 1941.

GRADUATE (f) 22, Spanish, French, typg sks wrk 2-3 evgs or Sats. Box 1866.

STUDENTSHIPS & SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

POSTGRADUATE STUDENTSHIPS

Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships for full-time research or advanced study:—

In any subject

(a) POSTGRADUATE STUDENTSHIPS (£350, plus tuition fees, for one year);

(b) WILLIAM LINCOLN SHELLEY STUDENTSHIP (£350 p.a., plus tuition fees, for one or two years);

(c) WILLIAM GILLES RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP IN THE FACULTY OF SCIENCE (£350, plus tuition fees, for one year);

(d) POSTGRADUATE TRAVELLING STUDENTSHIPS (value according to need—for one year);

In Physics:

(e) GEORGE WILLIAM BRITT (JUNIOR) STUDENTSHIP (£100 for one year);

For Literary Studies:

(f) FRIDA MOND STUDENTSHIP (£130 p.a. for two years).

Applicants for (a), (b), (c) and (e) must be graduates of not more than three years' standing; for (d) they must be under the age of 28; and for (f) they must be External Arts graduates, preferably of not more than two years' standing.

Further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarship Committee, Senate House, London, WC1, to whom applications must be returned by 1 March, 1960.

FRENSHAM Heights, Farnham, Surrey (Co-educational Boarding School). £200 per annum available for two scholarships (one may be for music) to be awarded to boys or girls aged 11-13½ years on 1 September 1960. Examination in March. Details from the Headmaster.

RESEARCH AWARDS

LEVERHULME RESEARCH AWARDS

EUROPEAN SCHOLARSHIPS, 1960

The Leverhulme Trustees offer to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom two scholarships of £600 for one year (an additional allowance may be paid to a married scholar) for advanced study in a centre of learning in any European country except Great Britain or Ireland. Candidates should be between the ages of 24 and 30 on 1 October 1960 (allowance in the upper age limit will be made for national service).

The scholarships are not intended for students of modern languages; otherwise no subject of study will be excluded but preference will be given to candidates who wish to study in the subjects normally grouped in the Arts Faculties of universities.

The closing date for receipt of applications is 29 February 1960 and the scholarships will be tenable from 1 September. Application must be made on form ES obtainable together with further information from Secretary, European Scholarships, Leverhulme Research Awards, St Bridget's House, Bridewell Place, London, EC4.

PERSONAL

HOLLAND. Dutch Engl. master & wife invite p. guests April to Sept. in their home in bulb-sea-area, daily touring in his car. R. Hinloopen, Delftlaan 339, Haarlem.

FRENCH doctor's son (15) seeks family/school accommodation paying guest, Easter holiday, London area. Box 1844.

ELDERLY lady offers rent-free room in Chiswick in return for a little friendly help to enable son to secure some leisure: most domestic chores already dealt with. Write Box 1607.

JOURNALIST (27) wants to join or make up party for two weeks in Germany/Poland, May/June. Box 1609.

YAS Mina Orphanage, near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by Treasurer, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

PROFESSIONAL man's widow, middle-aged, domestic experience, some clerical, out four days a week, will assist sane, good-tempered person mornings, evenings, week-ends, in exchange nice room & board. Central Ldn. Impeccable refs. Box 1811.

STUDENT, experienced in instructing children, reqd for afternoons & wkends for girl of 8, Finchley. Sport-lovg & knowledge of music, if poss. Box 1907.

OXFORD undergraduate elect seeks post abroad anytime from mid-April. Literary/linguistic interest preferred. Anything considered. Write Box 1833.

SMALL plot wntd to build studio-home. Wd join in sim. venture. Box 1997.

NOBLE, 1936 Daimler, £80. Body, interior, superb. Unloaded insurance. Seen SW1. WHI. 4341/301.

ANTIBES Old Town: flat to let, sleep 4. Box 1775.

ACTIVE middle-aged woman offers p/time services to small family, exchange board/lodgings London area. Box 1676.

WRITER wishes to hear of transcriber from Telefunken Dictaphone. Box 1873.

CULTURED but practical couple & girl 8, offer share garden flat to mum & similar. £3 10s. SW1. 4809.

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LECTURE COURSES etc.—cont fm p. 172

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P.G.s received until end May in enchanting villa of British author-journalist: 'La Golondrina', San Agustin, Palma, Majorca. 1 min. sea; 25 mins 'bus ride centre Palma. Beautiful sunny seaview terrace; lovely garden; all comforts. Full pension terms include wine; 165 pts daily. Write Harry Greenwall, as above.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HOWES Bookshop Ltd, 3 Trinity Street, Hastings, Sussex, England. Catalogue 142 free on request. Medieval History, Economics, Political Thought & Socialism. General History, Africa & The Orient. Miscellaneous Antiquarian Books reduced to clear. We will always purchase important books in any quantity. Libraries valued for Probate.

LABOUR Monthly'. Disarmament and Peace, R. Palme Dutt; TUC & Shop Stewards, 'Vulcan'; Fascists and Militarists, Ivor Montagu. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

BUDDHIST Publication Society of Ceylon – British Branch. Free booklets for distribution for those intd in The Buddha's Teaching & Way of Life. Box 1420.

ESCAPIST reading for adult intellects. The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction. February issue on sale now.

WHAT are the facts about homosexuality? Should the law be changed? Decide for yourself after reading 'Some Questions and Answers about Homosexuality', obtainable from The Albany Trust, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1. Price 1s., post 4½d.

THE Basis of Pikto, an 85% international language. 10s., Dictionary, 12s. 6d.; Komplet Instrukt-buk 1s. 3d. From bksellers or Pikto Union, 8 Meadow Studios, Bushey.

MEN & Money Behind TV. 6d. (8d. p.f.) from LRD, 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

COMPLETE 1958 Ed. Ency. Brit. for sale. Good as new. £60 o.n.o. VIC. 6143.

WANTED 'Bulls of Iberia', Angus McNab (Heinemann '57). MOU. 0884 after 6.

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SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps., mags; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

FOREIGN fiction. German, French, Italian, Spanish, etc. Monthly lists fr. Dept NS, TABS Ltd, 45 Neal St, WC2.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, London, WC2.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

S/H books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys and girls 7-18 years. HAM. 2019 until 23 Feb.

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OPERA AND BALLET

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COVENT GARDEN OPERA

2 Feb. at 7.30 — Turandot
4 Feb. at 7.30 — The Tales of Hoffmann
5 Feb. at 7.30 — Lucia di Lammermoor

THE ROYAL BALLET

1 Feb. at 7.30 — Ondine
3 & 6 Feb. at 7.30 — Les Sylphides, La Fille Mal Gardée
6 Feb. at 2.15 — Le Lac des Cygnes

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
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OPERA SEASON
Evenings 7.30

2 & 4 Feb. — La Bohème
3 & 5 Feb. — Tannhäuser
6 Feb. — Cinderella (La Cenerentola)

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0. Th.-Sat. 5.0. 'A Moon for the Misbegotten'. Mems.

IRVING. Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 4-yr cont. Revue from 2.30, Sun. 4. 2nd week 13th ed. Mems.

QUESTORS Theatre, Mattock Lane, Ealing. 30 Jan. for 10 performances. 'The Beggar's Opera'. Modern dress, modern songs & modern music. Members only. EALing 5184.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. 'The Lily White Boys'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be'.

UNITY. EUS 5391. 'Bloomsday', Fr., St., Sn. 7.45 Outstdg success, Obsvr. Mems

CONCERTS

Tickets now available!
6TH CHOPIN INTERNATIONAL PIANO COMPETITION, WARSAW
22 Feb.-13 March.
Over 100 performers from 31 countries.
Jury led by Artur Rubinstein.
Return fare London-Warsaw by rail from £24 1s., by air £69 1s. Agents - L. W. MORLAND & CO., 5 Whittington Ave, London, EC3. Tel. MIN. 9663.

APOLLO Society. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sun., 7 Feb., 7.45 p.m. Flora Robson, Denis McCarthy 'Poets of Our Time'. Tickets: 10s., 6s., 3s. at Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. 2nd of 6 Bach concerts. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm. Sat. 6 Feb 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ICA. Wigmore Hall, Monday 1 February, 8 p.m. Works by Britten, Berg, Schoenberg, Tippett and Webern. Artists: Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Alan Civil. Tickets: 12s., 9s., & 6s., from the Box Office (WEL. 2141).

GUITAR Society Recital, Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon. 1 Feb. at 8 p.m. Admission 3s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Japanese Film Season. Until 31 Jan. 'The Rickshaw Man' (U). From 1 Feb. Kurosawa's 'Living' (A).

FILMS: 'Visit of N. S. Khrushchev to America', 'The House I Live In', dir. by Lev Kulijanov & Yakov Segel, on Sun., 31 Jan., 3 p.m. at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W1. (Warren St Stn). Seats may be res. Pushkin Club, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696.

ART Film Show, including new film on Matisse. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, EC1). Mon. 1 Feb., 8.30. (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartette, today Saturday 30 January 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s. Non-Members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a Member.

DANCE, Sat. 30 Jan., 7.30 p.m. Admn 4s. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Friends of Society cordially welcomed.

EXHIBITIONS

PORTAL Gallery, 16a Grafton St, Bond St, W1. Paintings Jardine & Tilson.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St, W1. The Human Figure: African, Asian, European sculptures and paintings.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

THE BRITISH
Write About Themselves
Theatre, History, Politicians
20th Century Novels & The British Way of Life
2-26 February
Weekdays 11-6.30, Thursday 11-8, Saturday 11-5
Admission Free
NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE
7 Albemarle Street, W1.

GANYMED'S recent publications of works by Velazquez, Degas, Pissarro & Corot. Dets from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sculpture: Theo Crosby. Objects: Peter Blake. Libraries: John Latham. Closing today Saturday, 30 January, at 1 p.m. Admission 1s. Members free. Preview for members: Henrion: Things and Symbols. Wednesday, 3 February at 6 p.m. Open to the public 4 February-5 March. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

JAMES Ward. Arts Council exhibition Tate Gallery. Closes Tomorrow. Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

WATERCOLOURS from Whitworth Gallery, Manchester University, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square. Till 6 Feb. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

CHILDREN'S Paintings and Craft Work. Work by children aged from five to sixteen is now invited for the thirteenth annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. The closing date for entries is 2 March 1960. Write now for leaflet giving rules and conditions of entry to: National Exhibition of Children's Art Dept, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E2. Exhibition of paintings by John Bowles. Until 10 February 1960.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Joao Artur, painting and sculpture. Robert White, paintings Until 6 Feb. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

COMEDY Gallery, 8, Oxendon St., Leicester Sq., WHI. 8709. Pictures for 1960. Works by Topolski, Souza, Christophorou, etc.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent Paintings Trevor Bell. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

KAPLAN Gallery. International Choice: Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculpture. 6 Duke Street, St James's.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Anthony Whishaw: Oils. Graham Sutherland: Early gouaches. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.).

KATHE Köllwitz Exhibition. Art galleries, schools etc. interested in showing this exhibition please contact Mrs Noble, 24 Gladwell Rd, N8. MOU. 2831.

OLAF Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11. Paintings, drawings, antiques, furniture for sale & wanted. Colour planning. PARk 1403. (Closed Thurs.).

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2. Drian Artists Exhibition 1960. Till 31 Jan. Yugoslav Artists, from 3 Feb. 10-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Christian Berard — Paintings & Watercolours. Until 20 Feb. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Road, N6. MOU. 4917. Opening Exhibition. 8 Feb. 2 Sculptors & 2 Painters — Laurence Josephs, Paul Hamann, Alfred Harris & Henry Sanders. Daily incl. Sats 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MAPAM Open Forum: Come along on Thursday, 4 February at 8 p.m. to 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Subject: (a) Changing Scene in Israel - political, economic and cultural, introduced by guest speaker, Mr Moshe Ben-Ephraim; (b) Conference of Mapam Parties in Paris - reported by Mr S. Marcus.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

The New Jewish Society presents
THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD
Number 2. THE FUTURE OF JEWISH VALUES - Rabbi KOPUL ROSEN, Principal of Carmel College. Wed., 3 Feb., at 8, at Simon Marks Room, Bedford House, 108 Baker St, W1.

CONQUEST of Space', in English, the Lecture of the Year, by Professor Alla Masevich (Vice-President of Astronomical Council of the USSR Academy of Sciences Moscow). Presented by The Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR. Intro by Patrick Moore, FRAS. Illustrated by a special film of Soviet Sputniks and Space Rockets. Royal Festival Hall, Sat., 6 Feb. at 2.30 p.m. Tickets 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from Box Office (WAT 3191) and usual Agents. Also at Town Hall, Birmingham, Mon. 8 Feb., 7.30; 12s. 6d., 10s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Central 2392); Colston Hall, Bristol, Tues., 9 Feb., 7.30; 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Bristol 21768 & 23885); Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Fri., 12 Feb., 7 p.m.; 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Blackfriars 3281). Reductions for school parties

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. John Willett, 'Commitment in the Arts', 3 Feb., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

NATIONAL Disarmament Conference. Visitors & delegates welcome. Programme includes 'World without War'. 2-5 p.m., 13 Feb. Concert with Paul Robeson & well-known artists. 7.30 p.m., 13 Feb. 'Disarmament Prospects 1960'. 10-1 p.m., 14 Feb. 'Action for Peace'. 2-5 p.m., 14 Feb. St Pancras Town Hall. Conference 2s. 6d. Concert 4s. to 10s.

AFRICAN Forum—Basil Davidson, 'Africa Today & Tomorrow'. Fri. 29 Jan. 7.30, Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

GRIMSBY (Fridays), Leeds (Saturdays), fortnightly from 5-6 Feb. Fabian Lectures on Socialism in the Sixties. Anthony Crosland, Arthur Skeffington, James MacColl, Sydney Silverman. Dets: from Mrs Barker, 17 Park Drive, Grimsby, or Miss Brett, 1a Allerton Park, Leeds, 7.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 2 Feb. 'German Unification: problems and prospects' by Mr F. Parkinson; 4 Feb. 'The Rise of Humanism in England' by Professor R. Weiss.

COLLET'S Talks. Sir Charles Snow on 'Education in the USSR, USA & Britain', Friday 19 February, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1. 2s. Collet's, 66 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Rd, W14. Ten Lectures by R. Furneaux Jordan, FRIBA, on 'Man and his visual world': a study in how the arts are a unity and complete expression of man. Mondays at 8 p.m. First lecture 8 Feb. Course fee, 15s. Enrolment forms from above address.

INTERNAT. Friendship League presents: 'How to Win Friends & Influence People', a short cut to distinction, by famous Dale Carnegie team. Mon. 1 Feb., 7.45 p.m. Rosslyn Hall, Willoughby Rd, nr Hampstead Tube. Admission free.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 2 Feb. A. D. Howell Smith, BA, 'The Future of the Ethical Movement'.

ROBERT Aron: Les coulisses de l'histoire de notre temps, ou quand l'historien se fait détective. Institut Français, Queensberry Pl., SW7. Tues., 2 Feb., 6 p.m. Admn free.

SCOURGE of the Swastika Again! Protest Meeting Hampstead Town Hall, Friday, 5 Feb., 8 p.m. Speaker: Jack Gaster. Orgrs. Hampstead C.P. Hampstead Citizens Support Protest to Adenauer!

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 31 Jan., Hyman Levy, MA, D.Sc. 'The Moral quandary of scientist and citizen'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 31 Jan., 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Atheism, Materialism, and All that': H. J. Blackham.

SHAW Society. John S. Collis on 'Reminiscences of Shaw, Yeats, and Others', at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 29 Jan., 7 p.m.; non-mems 2s. 6d.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers, Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, EC4. Tuesday, 2 February 1960 at 6.30 p.m. 'Police Powers and Procedure'. Speaker: C. R. Hewitt (C. H. Rolph of the 'New Statesman').

SUNDAY afts, 31 Jan. - Marsh, MP, Townsend, Shore, Mooneman, Land. St Katherine's Fdtn, E14. Dets: STE 3540.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Prescription: an English Morass' will be delivered by Mr R. E. Megarry, QC, at 5 p.m. on 9 February at King's College, Strand, WC2. Admission free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

HISTORY & the World Today. Series of Sunday night lectures. 2. 'Why Reformism Must Fail', Speaker: H. Young. 7.30 p.m. 31 Jan. Central Club Socy Hall, 127 Clerkenwell Rd, EC1. (Grays Inn Rd end). Socialist Party of Great Britain.

NLR Principles of Socialism Study Group. The Politics of Capitalism: Eric Hobsbawn. Sun. 31 Jan., 3 p.m. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

NLR Literary & Politics Study Group. The Political Novel. Conrad, The Secret Agent: Stuart Hall. 8 p.m. 4 February. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696, Fri., 29 Jan., 8 p.m. Prof. N. Gorodetsky: 'Chekhov the Writer' (100th anniv. of A. P. Chekhov). Chair: David Magarshak. Fri., 5 Feb., 8 p.m., Denys Sutton: 'Visiting Art Treasures in Russia'. Sun., 7 Feb., 3 p.m. at Vanbrugh Theatre, Malet St, WC1, in assoc. with RADA, Chekhov Centenary: Peter Daubeny, Chairman, A. Surkov (President USSR-Gt Britain Assn, Moscow), W. Gerhardi, RADA finalists dir. by John Fernald, Marie Rambert, Paul Scofield. By reservation only from Pushkin Hse, 46 Ladbroke Gr., W11. PARk 7696.

PROGRESSIVE League: Kent Branch. Otto Shaw, Ph.D. 'Unconscious Motives in Delinquency'. 7.30 p.m., 5 February. Good Companions' Club, New Road, Rochester, Kent.

ADLERIAN Society. 'Heredity — Fate or Challenge?' Dr E. Weissmann, 2 Feb., 7.30 p.m. punctually. Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, SW1. Non-members 2s. 6d. Students 1s. 7 Feb., 7.15 p.m. Chinese Dinner (90th anniversary of Adler's birth). Guest speaker: Dr Mona Rolfe. Tickets 17s. 6d. from Office, 42 Fortune Green Rd, NW6.

NEW Realm Study Group. The study of Ouspensky's teaching. Livingstone House, 42 Broadway, SW1. Every Wed. 7.00 p.m. Adm. 2s.

'NEW Age of Architecture'. Film showing and discussion at American Embassy, USIS, 5 Grosvenor Square, W1. Tues., 2 Feb., 8.30 p.m. Admission free.

IWC London Branch, Fri., 5 Feb., 8.30. 'Mexico and the Cinema': Miss Betty Ross, Author of 'The Young Traveller in Mexico'. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public lecture. Free.

'MAN and Nature' Public Lect. 31 Jan., 8 p.m. Free tkt. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 6a Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda, Tues. 7.30 p.m. Discourse. Thurs 4 Feb., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Swami Mukhyananda: 'Sarada Devi, India's Woman Saint'.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture, Wed., 3 Feb., 6.30: 'Ch'an Buddhism', Gerald Yorke. Also Saturday Group (reading & discussion, followed by tea - open to all) 6 Feb., 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MEDICAL SOCIAL WORK

Applications are invited from candidates with suitable university qualifications in social studies for admission to one-year professional courses in social casework in medical settings, beginning October 1960 and March 1961. Integrated class and fieldwork; individual teaching. Ages 21-40. Grants available

Information from Director of Studies, Institute of Almoners, 42 Bedford Square, London, WC1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled (i) 'The Industrial Development of Poland'; (ii) 'Land Utilization in Poland' will be delivered by Professor J. Kostrowicki (Warsaw) at 5 p.m. on 2 and 4 February at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont on p.171

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